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MARVEL PREVIEW
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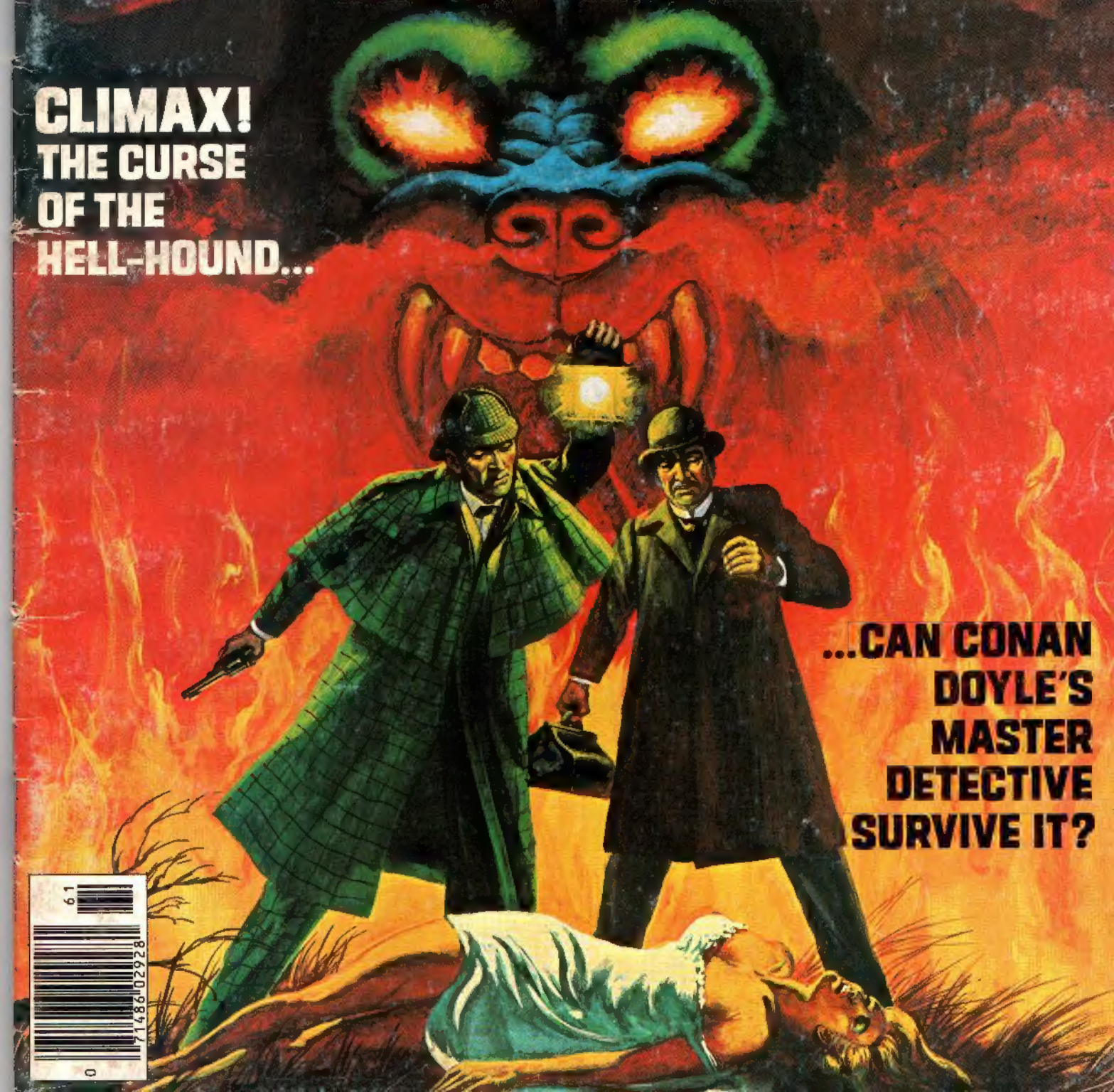
MARVEL PREVIEW

PRESENTS

SHERLOCK HOLMES™

CLIMAX! THE CURSE OF THE HELL-HOUND...



...CAN CONAN DOYLE'S MASTER DETECTIVE SURVIVE IT?

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STAN LEE presents

MARVEL PREVIEW

FEATURING

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Volume I/Number 6/Spring 1976

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By *Doug Moench, Val Mayerik & Tony DeZuniga.*

PREVIEW REVIEW 64
Clues to your deductions and solutions concerning our first SHERLOCK HOLMES effort!

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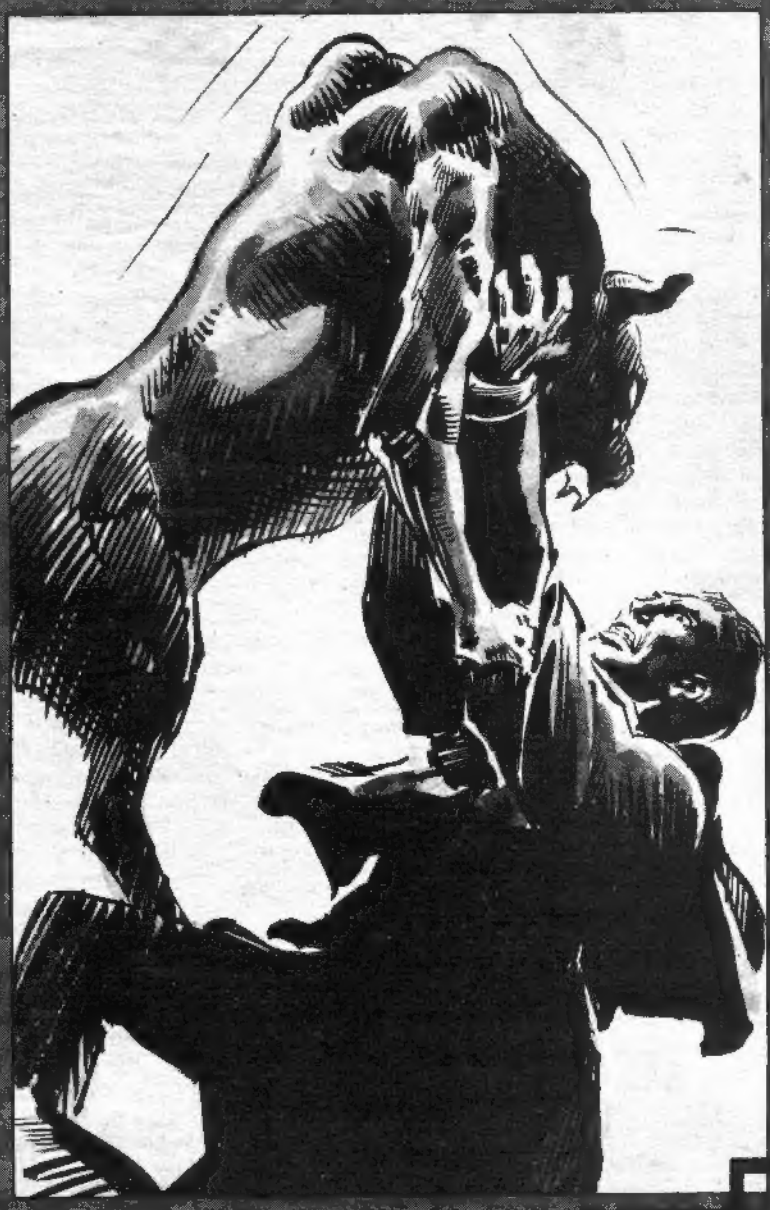


THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND EDITORIAL

And you don't have to be the famous resident of 221B Baker Street to deduce that the *first* editorial (at least the first about Mr. Sherlock Holmes) appeared last issue, accompanying Part One of our awesome adaptation of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES. That time around, we talked a bit about the current Holmesian revival and about our own approach to rendering the World's First Consulting Detective. *This* time perhaps, we can elaborate a little bit more on the latter.

Take the illustrations on this page, for instance. When Stan Lee (our publisher, editorial director, and full-time avatar) and Marv Wolfman (then editor-in-chief of Marvel's black and white magazines) decided to go ahead with a SHERLOCK HOLMES project, they picked Doug Moench to write it. Not the least of their reasons for this decision was that Doug had been pleading and cajoling for some time to *do* just such a project in the first place. Doug promptly suggested Val Mayerik as artist. Val in turn did the sketches you now see as samples of how he might handle Holmes, Watson, and Professor Moriarity. These convinced all concerned that Mr. Mayerik was the gentleman for the job.

I inherited the project when Marv took over editing of our color comics, and I, in turn, took over his previous post. From conversations I've had with a goodly number of professionals during my twelve or so years in comics, I get the impression that nearly everyone at sometime or other has wished they could do Sherlock Holmes. I'm no exception. When I was about fifteen, and aspiring to be a comic book writer and/or artist, COLLIER'S magazine ran a series of new Holmes stories by John Dickson Carr and Adrian Conan Doyle. Each story was illustrated by Robert Fawcett, and his version of Holmes, Watson, and the Victorian world through which they adventured, struck some response in me that the Rathbone/Nigel Bruce movies of several years previous never had. I began frantically drawing my own comic book version of Holmes, which truth to tell, bore a rather strong relationship to Robert Fawcett's creation; enough so that one might almost have felt it was traced. Fortunately, I never got far enough with it to suffer lawsuit. Discouragement came in the form of our local newspaper. Someone had beaten me to the punch and come up with a syndicated comic strip of Holmes' adventures! I was crushed, and couldn't even take solace in the fact that *my* version would have been better. Mostly because it *wouldn't* have. The strip was drawn by Frank Giacoia (Yes, the same Fearless Frank of CAPT. AMERICA inking fame) and is still spoken of with fondness by true comic strip connoisseurs.

So being able to edit this two-issue MARVEL PREVIEW devoted to the master sleuth fulfills an old ambition for me. And without danger of a lawsuit from Robert Fawcett!

Not that we didn't have one or two problems on the way to completing it. Chiefly from that long time Marvel nemesis, the Dread Deadline Doom. It finally caught up with Val Mayerik as he was part-way into the inking of this second issue and found a head-on collision in the making with his pencilling schedule for the color KA-ZAR comic. Into the breech stepped Tony DeZuniga (and since Tony resides in the Philippines, you can imagine what a step that was). Starting with page 30, Tony's inks grace Val's pencils; most impressively we think. The two make quite a team. The first section of the story was, of course, inked by Val. But just to keep some of you sharp-eyed art afficianados on your toes, I should point out that Val's pal, Craig Russell (of WAR OF THE WORLDS noteriety), inked *two* of Val's pages (not consecutive ones). Have some fun, see if you can spot them.

But, any deadline dilemmas aside, we feel rather proud of the final results. Even more than we did about the first part of HOUND. Together,

these two issues make up the longest Sherlockian saga ever done for comic books. Despite some liberties taken here and there, particularly with this month's climatic action, we feel it's also the most faithful and accurate depiction of Holmes' adventures done for the medium. But that's *our* opinion. We're still waiting for the one which counts *most* with us. Yours.

Archie Goodwin, Editor

PRESENTING: THE CONCLUSION OF THE GREATEST ADVENTURE IN THE ANNALS OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S IMMORTAL MASTER SLEUTH.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES

PART II: THE DEMON-HOUND FROM HELL

BY JOHN H. WATSON, M.D.

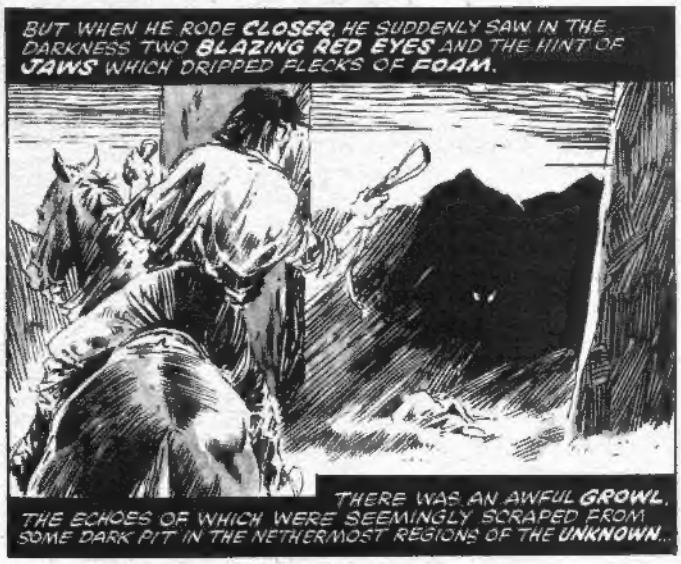
MY FRIEND MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, WHO IS SELDOM GIVEN TO EXAGGERATION, HAD REMARKED OF THE BASKERVILLE AFFAIR: "OF ALL THE FIVE-HUNDRED CASES OF CAPITAL IMPORTANCE WHICH I HAVE HANDLED, THERE IS NONE WHICH CUTS SO DEEP OR EMPLOYS A BLADE SO SINISTER."
HIS STATEMENT WOULD PROVE TO BE MORE THAN ACCURATE.

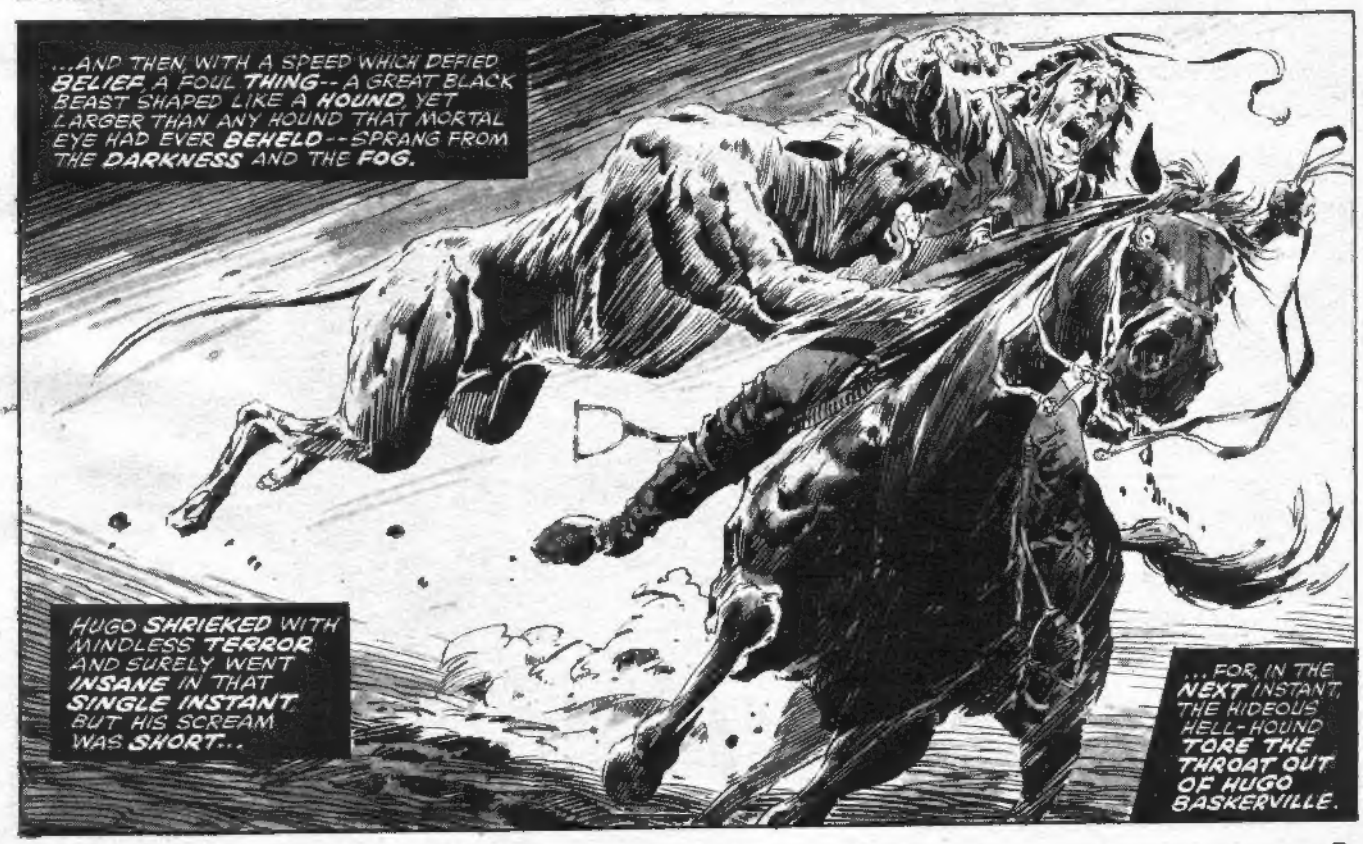
Script: DOUG MOENCH Art: VAL MAYERIK & TONY DEZUNIGA AG-140

IT HAD ALL STARTED IN THE DRAWING ROOM OF 2218 BAKER STREET, AS HOLMES AMAZED ME WITH HIS EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF DEDUCTION...
SO, WATSON, WE SEE THAT THE OWNER OF THIS WALKING STICK IS AN AMIABLE, UNAMBITIOUS, AND ABSENT-MINDED PHYSICIAN NAMED JAMES MORTIMER...
...THAT HE OWNS A SMALL DOG, THAT HE HAS RECENTLY RETIRED FROM CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, AND THAT HE WILL VERY SHORTLY KNOCK UPON OUR DOOR.
TOK TOK TOK
HE HAD BEEN RIGHT, OF COURSE.
DR. JAMES MORTIMER, I PRESUME?
WHY, Y-YES. MAY I... COME IN?
THERE IS A MATTER OF GRAVE IMPORTANCE IN WHICH I HOPE TO ENLIST YOUR SERVICE, MR. HOLMES.
MORTIMER TOLD US OF THE STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE RECENT DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE, AND INSISTED THAT HE FEARED THE SAME FATE WOULD BEFALL SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE THE NEW HEIR TO BASKERVILLE HALL WHO WOULD SOON ARRIVE IN LONDON FROM HIS NATIVE CANADA.
TO BUTTRESS HIS FEARS, THE NERVOUS FELLOW WITHDREW AN AGED MANUSCRIPT FROM HIS POCKET, REQUESTING HOLMES' PERMISSION TO READ IT ALOUD..
DO PROCEED, DR. MORTIMER.
YOU HAVE MY FULLEST ATTENTION.
THIS DOCUMENT, MR. HOLMES, WHICH IS DATED 1742, IS THE STATEMENT OF A CERTAIN LEGEND WHICH RUNS IN THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY...
IT CONCERNS THE ORIGIN OF THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.
MORTIMER TURNED THE MANUSCRIPT TO THE LIGHT AND BEGAN TO READ IN A HIGH, CRACKLING VOICE...
THE CURIOUS OLD-WORLD NARRATIVE SPOKE OF THE ELDER HUGO BASKERVILLE, A WILD, PROFANE, AND GODLESS MAN WHO HELD BASKERVILLE HALL DURING THE TIME OF THE GREAT REBELLION...
...AND HOW THIS WICKED HUGO HAD KIDNAPPED A BEAUTIFUL GIRL FROM A NEIGHBORING FARM.
THOUGH HELD PRISONER IN AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM, AND COMPLETELY AT HUGO'S MERCY, THE GIRL RESISTED HIS CRUEL ADVANCES...

...AND WHEN, ONE DARK NIGHT, SHE ESCAPED THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW, HUGO SET LOOSE THE DOGS AND PURSUED HER ACROSS THE BLEAK, FOG-SHROUDED MOORS.

HUGO RODE HIS BLACK MARE UNTIL IT WAS DAPPLED WITH FROTH, AND WHEN HE CAME UPON TWO OF THOSE GREAT STONES WHICH WERE SET BY CERTAIN FORGOTTEN PEOPLES IN THE DAYS OF OLD--
--HE FOUND HER BODY, SLUMPED AS IF IN DEATH.


BUT WHEN HE RODE CLOSER, HE SUDDENLY SAW IN THE DARKNESS TWO BLAZING RED EYES AND THE HINT OF JAWS WHICH DRIPPED FLECKS OF FOAM.
THERE WAS AN AWFUL GROWL, THE ECHOES OF WHICH WERE SEEMINGLY SCRAPED FROM SOME DARK PIT IN THE NETHERMOST REGIONS OF THE UNKNOWN...


...AND THEN, WITH A SPEED WHICH DEFIED BELIEF, A FOUL THING--A GREAT BLACK BEAST SHAPED LIKE A HOUND, YET LARGER THAN ANY HOUND THAT MORTAL EYE HAD EVER BEHELD--SPRANG FROM THE DARKNESS AND THE FOG.
HUGO SHRIEKED WITH MINDLESS TERROR AND SURELY WENT INSANE IN THAT SINGLE INSTANT. BUT HIS SCREAM WAS SHORT...
...FOR, IN THE NEXT INSTANT, THE HIDEOUS HELL-HOUND TORE THE THROAT OUT OF HUGO BASKERVILLE.

THE NARRATION CONCLUDED THAT FROM THAT TIME FORWARD, THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY HAD BEEN PLAGUED WITH SUDDEN, BLOODY AND MYSTERIOUS DEATHS...
...OWING TO THE CURSE VISITED UPON THEM BY THIS SPECTRAL DEMON-HOUND FROM HELL.
AND INDEED, MORTIMER INSISTED THAT EVEN NOW, UPON A DARK NIGHT, THE MOOR IS FILLED WITH THE EERIE SOUNDS OF BAYING AT THE MOON.
HOLMES AGREED TO HANDLE THE CASE AT ONCE, AND ASKED MORTIMER TO BRING SIR HENRY TO BAKER STREET THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
COME IN, SIR HENRY.
TELL ME, HAS ANYTHING UNUSUAL OCCURRED SINCE YOUR ARRIVAL IN LONDON?
INDEED THERE HAS, MR. HOLMES, AND HAD YOU NOT ASKED ME ABOUT IT, I WOULD HAVE BROUGHT IT UP MYSELF -- SINCE I UNDERSTAND YOU ARE ABLE TO SOLVE LITTLE PUZZLES...
IT IS THIS LETTER -- IF YOU CAN CALL IT A LETTER -- WHICH WAS ADDRESSED TO ME AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL...
...WHEN NO ONE -- EXCEPT DR. MORTIMER -- KNEW I WOULD BE STAYING AT THAT HOTEL.
HOLMES OPENED THE ENVELOPE AND GLANCED BUT BRIEFLY AT THE CONTENTS BEFORE SNATCHING UP THE PREVIOUS DAY'S EDITION OF THE LONDON TIMES...
YES... WITH BUT A BIT OF LUCK, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LAY OUR HANDS ON THE CULPRIT WHO SENT YOU THAT SINGULAR MESSAGE.
WHAT...? BUT HOW IN THE WORLD CAN YOU SAY THAT--?!
VERY EASILY, WATSON.
YOU SEE, I HAVE VERY LITTLE HESITATION IN SAYING THAT IF WE EXAMINED ALL THE WASTEPAPER BASKETS IN THE HOTELS AROUND CHARING CROSS, WE SHOULD FIND THE REMAINS OF A MUTILATED ARTICLE FROM YESTERDAY'S LONDON TIMES...
...AND THE LAST PERSON TO HAVE OCCUPIED THE HOTEL ROOM IN WHICH THE PROPER WASTEBASKET IS LOCATED WILL BE OUR CULPRIT.
THE DETECTION OF TYPEFACES IS ONE OF THE MOST ELEMENTARY BRANCHES OF KNOWLEDGE TO THE SPECIAL EXPERT IN CRIME. ACCORDINGLY, THE TYPEFACE EMPLOYED BY THE LONDON TIMES IS ENTIRELY DISTINCTIVE--

--AND THESE WORDS COULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN FROM NOTHING ELSE.
Las You value
your life
or reason
keep away
from the
MOOR
ONLY THE WORD "MOOR" WAS PRINTED IN INK.
IS THERE ANY OTHER UNUSUAL OCCURRENCE YOU WISH TO REPORT, SIR HENRY?
WELL, I HAVE LOST ONE OF MY BOOTS--A NEW PAIR I PURCHASED ONLY YESTERDAY IN THE STRAND. I HAD NEVER EVEN WORN THEM.
AND HOW DID YOU LOSE THIS BOOT?
I PUT THEM OUTSIDE MY DOOR LAST NIGHT AND THIS MORNING, ONE WAS GONE. BUT I COULD GET NO SENSE OUT OF THE CHAP WHO CLEANS THEM.
IF YOU HAVE NEVER WORN THEM, WHY DID YOU PUT THEM OUT TO BE CLEANED?
I DIDN'T. THEY WERE TAN BOOTS AND HAD NEVER BEEN VARNISHED.
I DIDN'T WANT TO SCUFF THEM.
HOLMES THEN SEEMED SATISFIED, PERHAPS FEELING HE HAD ENOUGH OF THE MATTER TO CONSIDER FOR THE TIME BEING. THUS, WHEN SIR HENRY SUGGESTED A LATER MEETING AT HIS HOTEL...
UNTIL TWO THIS AFTERNOON, THEN, SIR HENRY--GOODBYE.
BUT NO SOONER HAD THE DOOR CLOSED ON THEM THAN HOLMES CHANGED FROM THE LANGUID DREAMER TO THE MAN OF ACTION...
YOUR HAT AND CLOAK, WATSON--QUICK! THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!
BUT WHY, HOLMES--? ARE WE GOING TO--
YES, WATSON--WE MUST FOLLOW OUR TWO FRIENDS!
THUS, KEEPING A DISCREET HUNDRED YARDS BEHIND MORTIMER AND SIR HENRY, WE FOLLOWED INTO OXFORD STREET...
...AND SO DOWN REGENT STREET, WITH OUR PRESENCE NEVER NOTICED.

ONCE OUR FRIENDS STOPPED AND STARED INTO A SHOP WINDOW UPON WHICH HOLMES SIGNALLED ME TO HALT...
AN INSTANT AFTERWARDS HE GAVE A SOFT CRY OF SATISFACTION AND, FOLLOWING HIS EAGER EYES, I SAW THAT A HANSOM CAB WITH A MAN INSIDE--
--HAD ALSO HALTED ACROSS THE STREET.
THERE'S OUR MAN, WATSON! COME ALONG-- WE'LL HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM, IF NOTHING MORE...!
AT THAT MOMENT I WAS AWARE OF A BUSHY BLACK BEARD AND A PAIR OF PIERCING EYES TURNED UPON US THROUGH THE SIDE WINDOW OF THE CAB...
INSTANTLY, THE TRAP-DOOR AT THE TOP FLEW UP--
2704
--SOMETHING WAS SNARLED TO THE DRIVER--
...AND THE CAB RACED MADLY OFF DOWN REGENT STREET.
HE'S ESCAPING, WATSON!
SHRAKT
HOLMES LOOKED URGENTLY ROUND FOR ANOTHER CAB IN WHICH TO PURSUE, BUT NONE WERE IN SIGHT.

THERE NOW! WAS THERE EVER SUCH BAD LUCK--AND SUCH BAD MANAGEMENT ON MY PART--? WATSON, IF YOU ARE AN HONEST MAN, YOU WILL RECORD THIS FAILURE ALSO, AND SET IT AGAINST MY SUCCESSES.
BUT WHO WAS THE MAN, HOLMES--A SPY?
AND THE MAN'S IDENTITY IS STILL UNKNOWN TO US...
DOUBTLESS, SIR HENRY HAS BEEN CLOSELY SHADOWED BY SOMEONE EVER SINCE HIS ARRIVAL IN LONDON. HOW ELSE COULD IT BE KNOWN SO QUICKLY THAT HE HAD CHOSEN THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL AND NO OTHER?
WHAT A PITY WE DID NOT GET THE NUMBER OF THE CAB--!
MY DEAR WATSON, CLUMSY AS I HAVE BEEN, SURELY YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THAT I NEGLECTED TO GET THE NUMBER--?
2704 IS OUR MAN--BUT THAT IS OF LITTLE USE TO US NOW...
INDEED, EVEN THE MAN'S BEARD WAS IN ALL PROBABILITY A FALSE ONE.
AS FOR OUR TWO FRIENDS UP AHEAD, THERE IS NO OBJECT IN FOLLOWING THEM ANY FURTHER. THE SHADOW HAS DEPARTED AND WILL NOT RETURN.
COME IN HERE, WATSON.
HE TURNED INTO ONE OF THE DISTRICT MESSENGER OFFICES AND GREETED THE MANAGER...
AH, WILSON, I TRUST YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE LITTLE CASE IN WHICH I HAD THE GOOD FORTUNE TO HELP YOU?
INDEED I HAVE NOT, SIR--YOU SAVED MY GOOD NAME AND PERHAPS MY LIFE.
YOU EXAGGERATE, MY DEAR FELLOW, BUT PERHAPS YOU WILL REPAY THE FAVOR BY ALLOWING ME THE USE OF YOUNG CARTWRIGHT HERE...
...AND BY SENDING THIS WIRE WHICH SHALL DETERMINE FOR ME THE IDENTITY OF THE CABMAN, NUMBER 2704.
GLADLY, MR. HOLMES.
NOW, CARTWRIGHT--HERE IS A LIST OF TWENTY-THREE HOTELS IN THE IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD OF CHARING CROSS--AS WELL AS A COPY OF YESTERDAY'S TIMES.
I WANT YOU TO SEARCH THE WASTE PAPER OF EACH OF THE TWENTY-THREE HOTELS, LOOKING FOR THE CENTER PAGE OF THE TIMES WITH SOME HOLES CUT IN IT.
GOOD. HERE ARE 23 SHILLINGS, ONE FOR EACH HOTEL PORTER.
YOU CAN DO THIS, CAN'T YOU?
YES, SIR.

WE SPENT THE REMAINING TWO HOURS BEFORE OUR APPOINTMENT DISCUSSING THE MODERN BELGIAN MASTERS AT THE BOND STREET PICTURE GALLERIES...
...UNTIL, AT TWO O'CLOCK WE FOUND OURSELVES AT THE NORTHUMBERLAND HOTEL.
SIR HENRY WAS NOT IN A GOOD MOOD...
I TELL YOU THIS IS A BLOODY DEN OF THIEVES!
FIRST A NEW BROWN BOOT DISAPPEARS-- AND NOW ONE FROM MY OLD BLACK PAIR!
EITHER YOU FIND THOSE BOOTS OR I'LL SEE THE MANAGER ABOUT YOU!!
YOU HAVE LOST ANOTHER BOOT, SIR HENRY?
INDEED-- AND I'LL NOT REST UNTIL BOTH ARE FOUND.
BUT PLEASE- COME IN, MR HOLMES... DR. WATSON.
I APOLOGIZE FOR THE DISPLAY OF TEMPER, MR. HOLMES...
NOT AT ALL, SIR HENRY, YOU HAVE EVERY REASON TO BE DISTRAUGHT. THIS CASE OF YOURS IS VERY COMPLEX--
--ESPECIALLY WHEN TAKEN IN CONJUNCTION WITH YOUR UNCLE SIR CHARLES' DEATH.
BUT TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF DR. MORTIMER'S LEGEND-- THE SUPERNATURAL CURSE OF THE HELL-HOUND SAID TO PREY ON YOUR FAMILY?
DOES IT FRIGHTEN YOU?
WILL YOU ALLOW IT TO PREVENT YOU FROM CLAIMING THE ESTATE WHICH IS YOUR RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE? WHAT ARE YOUR INTENTIONS--?
TO GO TO BASKERVILLE HALL, MR. HOLMES-- AT THE END OF THIS WEEK.
YES, I AM FRIGHTENED BY THE LEGEND, BUT THERE IS NO DEVIL IN HELL AND NO MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN PREVENT ME FROM GOING TO THE HOME OF MY PEOPLE.
YOU MAY TAKE THAT TO BE MY FINAL ANSWER, MR. HOLMES.

AND WITH THAT, SIR HENRY USHERED US INTO THE DINING ROOM OF HIS SUITE...
ON THE WHOLE, SIR HENRY, I THINK YOUR DECISION IS A WISE ONE. I HAVE EVIDENCE THAT YOU ARE BEING DOGGED IN LONDON, AND IT WILL BE EASIER TO FERRET OUT WHO THESE PEOPLE ARE ONCE YOU HAVE GONE TO BASKERVILLE HALL--AWAY FROM THE TEEMING MILLIONS OF THIS CITY.
AH, DR. MORTIMER-- YOU DID NOT KNOW THAT YOU WERE FOLLOWED FROM MY LODGINGS THIS MORNING?
FOLLOWED! BY WHOM--?!

THAT, UNFORTUNATELY, I CANNOT TELL YOU. HAVE YOU AMONG YOUR NEIGHBORS ON DARTMOOR ANY MAN WITH A FULL BLACK BEARD?
AND WHERE IS THIS BARRYMORE NOW?
WHY, NO, I DON'T-- WAIT! YES-- BARRYMORE, SIR CHARLES' BUTLER, HAS A BLACK BEARD.

HE AND HIS WIFE ARE IN CHARGE OF THE HALL.
AND DID THEY PROFIT BY SIR CHARLES WILL?
THEY RECEIVED FIVE-HUNDRED POUNDS EACH. BUT MANY PEOPLE RECEIVED LEGACIES FROM SIR CHARLES-- WITH THE RESIDUE OF SEVEN-HUNDRED-FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS GOING TO SIR HENRY HERE...

INDEED. I HAD NO IDEA SUCH A GIGANTIC SUM WAS INVOLVED...
IT IS STAKES FOR WHICH A MAN MIGHT WELL PLAY A DESPERATE GAME.
AND AT THE SAME TIME, IT'S CLEAR THAT AS LONG AS NONE OF THE FAMILY ARE AT THE HALL, THESE BARRYMORES WOULD HAVE A FINE HOME AND NO WORK TO TROUBLE THEM.

GOOD LORD, MR. HOLMES--!
YOU MEAN I CANNOT TRUST EVEN MY OWN BUTLER--?!

BACK AT BAKER STREET, HOLMES SPENT LONG HOURS LOST IN TOBACCO AND THOUGHT. I KNEW HIS KEEN MIND WAS TRYING TO FRAME SOME SCHEME INTO WHICH ALL THESE STRANGE EPISODES COULD BE FITTED. SHORTLY BEFORE DINNER, HE SPOKE...
WILSON'S WIRE TO THE OFFICIAL REGISTRY SHOULD SOON BRING US THE NAME OF THE CABMAN...
TOK TOK TOK
HMM... I SHOULD NOT BE SURPRISED IF THIS KNOCK WERE THE ANSWER.
I GOT A MESSAGE THAT A GENT AT THIS ADDRESS HAD BEEN INQUIRING FOR NUMBER 2704. THAT'S MY NUMBER-- AND I CAME STRAIGHT HERE TO ASK YOU WHAT YOU HAD AGAINST ME.
BY JOVE! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU KNOW---
I HAVE NOTHING IN THE WORLD AGAINST YOU, MY GOOD MAN...
ON THE CONTRARY, I HAVE A GOLD SOVEREIGN FOR YOU IF YOU WILL GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION.
TELL ME ABOUT THE FARE WHO WATCHED THIS HOUSE AT TEN O'CLOCK THIS MORNING--
UH... VERY WELL, SIR.
--AND WHO AFTERWARDS FOLLOWED THE TWO GENTLEMEN DOWN REGENT STREET.
YOU SEEM TO KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT HIM AS I DO, SIR. HE TOLD ME HE WAS A DETECTIVE AND OFFERED ME TWO GUINEAS IF I WOULD DO WHAT HE WANTED FOR THE DAY.
BUT AT ABOUT NOON, HE THREW UP THE TRAP-DOOR AND CRIED THAT I SHOULD WHIP THE MARE TO WATERLOO STATION AS HARD AS I COULD GO.
A DETECTIVE, YOU SAY. DID HE GIVE YOU A NAME?
YES, SIR--AS HE WAS LEAVING, HE TURNED ROUND AND SAID, "IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN DRIVING MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES."
A TOUCH, WATSON-- AN UNDENIABLE TOUCH! THE SHEER AUDACITY OF THE MAN!
I FEEL A FOIL AS QUICK AND SUPPLE AS MY OWN-- AND IT HAS JUST SLASHED THE LAST OF OUR THREE THREADS.
YOU SEE, I RECEIVED THESE TWO WIRES WHILE YOU WERE OUT EARLIER...
BARRYMORE IS AT HALL. HAVING RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE
VISITED 23 HOTELS AS DIRECTED SORRY UNABLE TO TRACE CUT SHEET OF TIMES CARTWRIGHT
AND SO ALL THREE THREADS-- ALL THREE CLUES-- ARE SNAPPED...
...AND WE ARE BACK WHERE WE STARTED, WATSON. HE IS A CUNNING FIEND, OUR MAN-- AND THIS IS AN UGLY, DANGEROUS BUSINESS.
MY MIND DOES NOT REST EASY ABOUT SENDING YOU TO DEVONSHIRE--
--AND I SHALL BE VERY GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK SAFE AND SOUND IN BAKER STREET ONCE MORE.

UNTIL THIS BUSINESS IS CONCLUDED, SIR HENRY, YOU CAN TRUST NO ONE.
I DARE SAY EVEN DR. MORTIMER PROFITTED BY YOUR UNCLE'S DEATH.
THUS, WHILE I AGREE YOU SHOULD JOURNEY TO DEVONSHIRE WITHOUT DELAY--
--YOU MUST CERTAINLY NOT GO ALONE.
OF COURSE NOT-- DR. MORTIMER RETURNS WITH ME.
BUT DR. MORTIMER HAS HIS PRACTICE TO ATTEND--AND HIS HOUSE IS MILES AWAY FROM THE HALL. NO, YOU MUST TAKE SOMEONE WHO WILL ALWAYS BE AT YOUR SIDE.
WILL YOU NOT COME YOURSELF, MR. HOLMES?
REGRETTABLY, NO. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT WITH MY EXTENSIVE CONSULTING PRACTICE AND WITH THE CONSTANT APPEALS WHICH REACH ME FROM MANY QUARTERS, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO LEAVE LONDON FOR AN INDEFINITE TIME.
ALSO, AT THE PRESENT INSTANT ONE OF THE MOST REVERED NAMES IN ENGLAND IS BEING BESMIRCHED BY A BLACKMAILER-- AND ONLY I CAN STOP A DISASTROUS SCANDAL.
HOWEVER, I CAN CONFIDENTLY SAY THAT THERE IS NO BETTER MAN TO HAVE AT YOUR SIDE IN A TIGHT SPOT--
--THAN MY FRIEND DR. WATSON.
ME--?!
YOU SUGGEST THAT I ACCOMPANY SIR HENRY FOR PROTECTION...?
DOES IT NOT SUIT YOU, WATSON?
WHY... YES, HOLMES -- OF COURSE.
IN POINT OF FACT, I WAS FLATTERED BY HOLMES' RECOMMENDATION, AND RELISHED THE PROMISE OF ADVENTURE.
THEN WE SHALL ALL MEET AT THE 10:30 TRAIN FROM PADDINGTON ON SATURDAY.
COME, WATSON-- WE MUST SEND A WIRE AT ONCE-- TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER OR NOT BARRYMORE IS AT BASKERVILLE HALL AT THIS MOMENT.
UH, CERTAINLY, HOLMES...
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, SIR HENRY... DR. MORTIMER...?

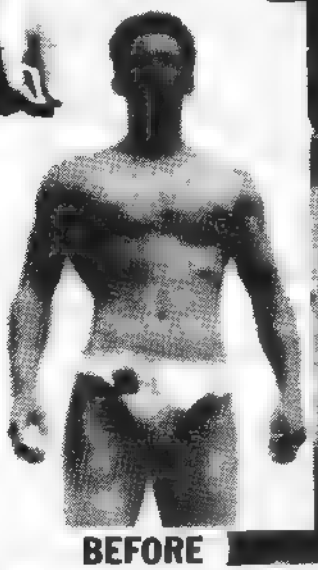
SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE AND DR. MORTIMER WERE READY UPON THE APPOINTED DAY. HOLMES HAD DRIVEN WITH ME TO PADDINGTON STATION TO SEE US OFF, AND NOW GAVE ME HIS LAST PARTING INJUNCTION AND ADVICE...
YOU WILL WRITE TO ME OFTEN, WATSON--
--REPORTING ANYTHING WHICH MAY HAVE BEARING ON THE CASE.
BUT ADHERE TO THE FACTS, AND LEAVE THE THEORIZING TO ME.
WHAT SORT OF FACTS?
ANYTHING ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO WILL ACTUALLY SURROUND SIR HENRY ON THE MOOR--HIS NEIGHBORS.
THERE IS DR. MORTIMER AND HIS WIFE, THE NATURALIST STAPLETON AND HIS SISTER, MR. FRANKLAND OF LAFTER HALL--AN UNKNOWN FACTOR--AND ONE OR TWO OTHERS WHO MUST BE YOUR VERY SPECIAL STUDY.
WHAT OF THE BARRYMORE COUPLE, HOLMES--SHOULD WE NOT GET RID OF THEM?
BY NO MEANS--YOU COULD NOT MAKE A GREATER MISTAKE. WE MUST PRESERVE THEM ON OUR LIST OF SUSPECTS--WHERE THEY MAY BE OBSERVED.
VERY WELL, HOLMES--FAREWELL THEN!
YOU ARE ARMED, I SUPPOSE?
YES, I THOUGHT IT ADVISABLE.
MOST CERTAINLY. KEEP YOUR REVOLVER NEAR YOU NIGHT AND DAY--AND NEVER RELAX YOUR PRECAUTIONS.
ALSO, BEAR IN MIND--AND REMIND SIR HENRY--ONE OF THE PHRASES IN THE LEGEND: "AVOID THE MOOR IN THOSE HOURS OF DARKNESS WHEN THE POWERS OF EVIL ARE EXALTED."
THE TRAIN LURCHED AND BEGAN TO GLIDE DOWN THE PLATFORM, LEAVING BEHIND THE TALL AUSTERE FIGURE OF HOLMES STANDING MOTIONLESS AND GAZING AFTER US.

IMPOSSIBLE?

"Every successful bodybuilder has got to use the most advanced bodybuilding methods available-UNIVERSAL BODYBUILDING offers the best! Using UNIVERSAL methods, I have made excellent gains!"

Brian Eastman

NOT FOR THE SUPER BODYBUILDING SYSTEM!



INSTANTLY - YOUR MUSCLES WILL BEGIN TO GROW!

BE BETTER THAN THE BEST, BE DYNAMIC!

MOST MEN NEVER REALIZE THEIR POTENTIAL FOR MUSCULARITY. Why? Probably because they've never come across or taken advantage of a training program quite like the one we offer here at UNIVERSAL BODYBUILDING. Our course has the ULTIMATE MASTERPLAN for TOTAL BODY DEVELOPMENT!

Very few men are satisfied with the way they look at present. They know themselves that they wouldn't mind having a REALLY MASCULINE BODY - one that will "turn on" the girls and make the guys envious.

WITH UNIVERSAL METHODS, YOU CAN BREAK OUT OF YOUR "OLD" SELF, AND TRANSFORM YOUR BODY INTO AN ATTENTION-GETTER!!! WE GUARANTEE TO IMPROVE YOUR BODY FAR BEYOND WHAT YOU'VE EVER BELIEVED POSSIBLE! We have perfected bodybuilding training techniques to the extreme, so that we can offer you the fastest gains possible. If you're thin and underweight, you'll be astonished at how quickly muscles appear. If you're overweight, we can help you to trim down the fat and replace it with rock-hard muscle. We'll tone up your abdominal area, and show you how to obtain a well-defined and impressive waist.

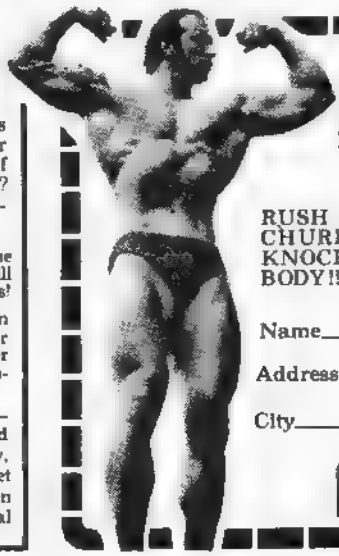
Add 2 or 3 inches to your arms, 4 or 5 inches to your chest - your rewards will be in direct proportion to your effort and accomplishments - nobody sets a limit to your success.

In the time it takes to complete this 12 lesson course, we can guarantee you a muscular foundation fantastic enough to be developed to your fullest potential!!! You can go far beyond mere "improvement" with the Advanced Training Techniques included in this course. We can give you the firm, rippling, muscular body of a physique star!!! Send in for our FREE COLORFUL BROCHURES TODAY (fantastic information about our course — loaded with unbelievable photographs). You won't regret it!!!

BE GREAT - BE SOMEBODY SPECIAL!

Improve your health, self-confidence and your outlook on life as you become more muscular. Regardless of your age, height or present build, we'll help you build a fabulous body. Thousands of people have taken this course with fantastic results — why not you? Whatever you look like today, we can improve on it. We guarantee it!!!

- ☐ **ARMS** — Develop big, powerful arms — the kind girls love to be held in! Command respect from everyone you meet!
- ☐ **CHEST** — Is your chest sunken and unimpressive? No more! It's easy to build a massive chest. You can measure 45, 47, or even 50 inches!
- ☐ **BACK** — Develop your upper back, and get that outstanding "V-Shape!" Often within one week you'll be able to see that wedge formation begin to take shape — it's a real attention-getter!
- ☐ **SHOULDERS** — Get rid of those puny shoulders! Instead, fill your shirts with bulging muscles!
- ☐ **LEGS** — Put some muscle on those spindly legs! Muscular legs will give you extra power like you've never dreamed possible!
- ☐ **ABDOMEN** — Trim and hard — that's the way your abs should look. Get rid of your pot-belly, improve your digestion, and get that washboard waist—all when you develop those abdominal muscles!



FREE!

UNIVERSAL
BODYBUILDING
Box 485 Dept. 4
Dearborn, Michigan 48121

RUSH me those FREE COLORFUL BROCHURES TODAY! I want to be able to KNOCK 'EM DEAD with a FABULOUS BODY!!!

Name_____ Age___

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

MAIL TODAY!

THE JOURNEY WAS A SWIFT AND PLEASANT ONE, IN A VERY FEW HOURS THE BROWN EARTH HAD BECOME RUDDY, AND THE BRICK HAD CHANGED TO GRANITE...
...WHERE THE LUSH GRASSES AND MORE LUXURIANT VEGETATION SPOKE OF RICHER, IF DAMPER CLIMATE.
YOUNG BASKERVILLE STARED OUT THE WINDOW WITH DELIGHT AS HE RECOGNIZED THE FAMILIAR DEVON SCENERY...
YOU KNOW, I HAVE NEVER SEEN BASKERVILLE HALL...
...AND I HAVE BEEN OVER A GOOD PART OF THE WORLD SINCE I LEFT THIS COUNTRY-SIDE AS A BOY IN MY TEENS, DR. WATSON.
...BUT I HAVE NEVER SEEN A PLACE ANYWHERE WHICH COULD COMPARE WITH THIS.
THERE WAS PRIDE, VALOR, AND STRENGTH IN HIS FACE, AND I FELT THAT THIS WAS A COMRADE FOR WHOM ONE MIGHT VENTURE ANY RISK WITH THE CERTAINTY THAT HE WOULD BRAVELY SHARE IT.
AT LENGTH THE TRAIN PULLED UP AT A SMALL WAYSIDE STATION...
CORYTON
...AND WE ALL DESCENDED TO FIND A WAGONETTE WITH A PAIR OF COBS AWAITING US.
THE WAGONETTE SWUNG ROUND INTO A SIDE ROAD, AND WE CURVED UPWARDS THROUGH DEEP LANES WORN BY CENTURIES OF WHEELS... BUT THERE EVER ROSE DARK AGAINST THE EVENING SKY--
--THE LONG, GLOOMY CURVE OF THE MOOR, BROKEN BY THE JAGGED AND SINISTER HILLS.

BRONZING BRACKEN AND MOTTLED BRAMBLE GLEAMED IN THE LIGHT OF THE SINKING SUN, AS GNARLED TREES OCCASIONALLY ROSE FROM EITHER SIDE...
THE RATTLE OF OUR WHEELS DIED AS WE FREQUENTLY DROVE THROUGH DRIFTS OF ROTTING VEGETATION AND FALLEN LEAVES WHICH SPOKE SO CLEARLY THE MARK OF THE WANING YEAR...
...SAD GIFTS, IT SEEMED TO ME, FOR NATURE TO THROW BEFORE THE RETURNING HEIR OF THE BASKERVILLES.
BUT TO SIR HENRY'S EYES ALL SEEMED BEAUTIFUL...
...WHEN TO ME A TINGE OF MELANCHOLY SEEMED TO EMBRACE THE COUNTRYSIDE.
THEN, WHEN A STEEP CURVE OF HEATH-CLAD LAND, AN OUTLYING SPUR OF THE MOOR, LAY IN FRONT OF US...
HALLOA! WHAT IS THIS--?!
ON THE SUMMIT WAS A SOLDIER, DARK AND STERN...
...HIS RIFLE POISED READY OVER HIS FOREARM.
HE WAS WATCHING THE ROAD ON WHICH WE TRAVELLED...
DRAW TO A HALT, DRIVER--AND WAIT FOR INSPECTION!
BUT WHAT IS IT-- WHAT IS WRONG--?

SIR HENRY HAD RISEN UP IN HIS SEAT, AND WAS STARING WITH FLUSHED CHEEKS AND SHINING EYES. THE HALL MUST HAVE SIGNIFIED MANY EMOTIONS FOR HIM, A PLACE OF GREAT PRIDE... BUT GREATER TRAGEDY...
WAS IT HERE THAT MY UNCLE...?
NO--SIR CHARLES DIED IN THE YEW HEDGE ALLEY...
IT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.
A TALL BEARDED MAN, WHO INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS BARRYMORE STEPPED FROM THE SHADOW OF THE PORCH TO GREET US...
WELCOME, SIR HENRY--WELCOME TO BASKERVILLE HALL!
YOU DON'T MIND ME DRIVING STRAIGHT HOME, DO YOU, SIR HENRY? MY WIFE IS EXPECTING ME.
NOT AT ALL, DR. MORTIMER. THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE.
I WOULD STAY TO SHOW YOU THROUGH THE HOUSE, BUT BARRYMORE WILL BE A BETTER GUIDE THAN I. GOODBYE--AND NEVER HESITATE TO SEND FOR ME IF I CAN BE OF SERVICE.
THE WHEELS DIED AWAY DOWN THE DRIVE...
WHILE SIR HENRY AND I TURNED INTO THE HALL--A LARGE AND LOFTY PLACE, WITH HUGE BALKS OF AGE-BLACKENED OAK. WE GAZED ROUND AT THE WINDOWS OF STAINED GLASS, THE OAK PANELLING, BOARS' HEADS, AND COATS-OF-ARMS UPON THE WALLS...
IT'S JUST AS I IMAGINED IT--THE VERY PICTURE OF AN OLD FAMILY HOME.
THIS WAY, SIR.
I REGRET THAT MY WIFE IS NOT PRESENT TO GREET YOU, BUT SHE IS INDISPOSED FOR THE DAY.
HOWEVER, MY WIFE AND I WILL BE HAPPY TO STAY WITH YOU UNTIL YOU HAVE MADE FRESH ARRANGEMENTS...

THERE'S A CONVICT ESCAPED FROM PRINCETOWN PRISON-- HE'S BEEN LOOSE THREE DAYS NOW...
THERE'S FIVE POUNDS REWARD TO THE FARMERS IF THEY GIVE US ANY INFORMATION-- BUT IT SEEMS THE CHANCE OF FIVE POUNDS IS A POOR THING COMPARED TO THE CHANCE OF GETTING YOUR THROAT CUT.
YOU SEE, THIS IS NOT LIKE ANY ORDINARY CONVICT-- THIS IS A MAN WHO WOULD STOP AT NOTHING.
OH?
AND WHO IS HE, THEN?
IT'S SELDEN-- THE NOTTING HILL MURDERER...
...AND YOU'D DO WELL TO BEWARE OF HIM, SIR!
WELL, THAT'S A JOLLY FINE WELCOME.
OH, IT HAPPENS QUITE OFTEN OUT HERE, DR. WATSON-- PRINCETOWN IS ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY.
CHARMING.
BUT SIR HENRY'S GOOD-NATURED SARCASM DID NOT EVEN APPROACH THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION...
...I REMEMBERED THE SELDEN CASE WELL, FOR IT WAS ONE IN WHICH HOLMES HAD TAKEN AN INTEREST DUE TO THE PECULIAR FEROCITY OF THE CRIME AND THE WANTON BRUTALITY OF THE ASSASSIN. INDEED, THE COMMUTATION OF HIS DEATH SENTENCE OWED TO DOUBTS OF HIS SANITY, SO ATROCIOUS WAS HIS CONDUCT.
WITH A GRIM CHILL, I THOUGHT OF THE FIENDISH MAN LURKING SOMEWHERE ON THAT DESOLATE PLAIN, HIDING IN A BURROW LIKE A WILD BEAST, HIS HEART FILLED WITH MALIGNANCY TOWARD THE WHOLE RACE WHICH HAD CAST HIM OUT. MY DARK REVERIE WAS BROKEN ONLY BY THE DRIVER'S SHOUT...
THERE, SIR HENRY-- BASKERVILLE HALL!

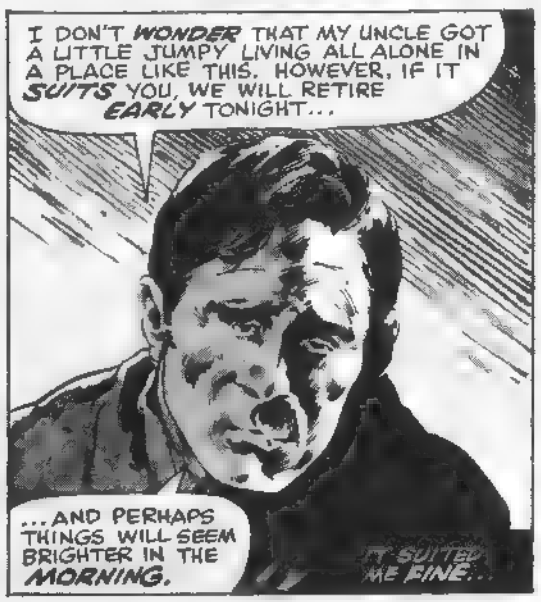
HOWEVER, WHEN I RETIRED TO MY BEDROOM, I FOUND MYSELF WEARY YET WAKEFUL, TOSSING RESTLESSLY, SEEKING THE SLEEP WHICH WOULD NOT COME.
A DEATHLY SILENCE LAY UPON THE HOUSE... AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IN THE VERY DEAD OF THE NIGHT--
THERE CAME A SOUND TO MY EARS.
A SOUND WHICH WAS CLEAR, RESONANT AND UN-MISTAKABLE.
IT WAS THE SOB OF A WOMAN--THE MUFFLED, STRANGLING GASP OF ONE WHO IS TORN BY UNCONTROLLABLE SORROW.
THE NOISE WAS CERTAINLY WITHIN THE HOUSE. FOR HALF AN HOUR I WAITED WITH EVERY NERVE ON THE ALERT, BUT THERE CAME NO FURTHER SOUND...
...SAVE THE CHIMING OF A CLOCK AND THE RUSTLE OF IVY ON THE WALL.
THE FRESH BEAUTY OF THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WITH ITS BRIGHT SUNLIGHT FLOODING THE WINDOWS, DID SOMETHING TO ERASE THE GRIM AND GREY IMPRESSION OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...
I GUESS IT WAS OURSELVES--AND NOT THE HOUSE--THAT WE HAVE TO BLAME.
WE WERE TIRED FROM OUR JOURNEY AND CHILLED BY OUR DRIVE--AND WE ALLOWED IMAGINATION TO DO THE REST.
AND YET, NOT ENTIRELY IMAGINATION, SIR HENRY. DID YOU HEAR A WOMAN SOBBING LAST NIGHT?
WHY, YES--BUT I CONCLUDED THAT IT WAS A DREAM.
AND YOU, BARRYMORE--DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?
THERE ARE ONLY TWO WOMEN IN THE HOUSE, DR. WATSON--THE SCULLERY MAID, WHO SLEEPS IN THE OTHER WING, AND MY WIFE.
AS FOR MY WIFE, I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT THE SOUND DID NOT COME FROM HER.
AND YET THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS FACE WHICH TOLD ME HE LIED. WAS BARRYMORE BERNARS, A DOMESTIC TYRANT GIVEN TO BEATING HIS WIFE?

FRESH ARRANGEMENTS--? DO YOU MEAN THAT YOU AND YOUR WIFE WISH TO LEAVE...?
ONLY WHEN IT IS QUITE CONVENIENT TO YOU, SIR HENRY.
BUT YOUR FAMILY HAS BEEN WITH THE BASKERVILLES FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS, HAVE THEY NOT?
I SHOULD BE SORRY TO BEGIN MY LIFE HERE BY BREAKING AN OLD FAMILY CONNECTION.
I FEEL THAT WAY ALSO, SIR-- AND SO DOES MY WIFE...

...BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH, SIR, WE WERE BOTH VERY ATTACHED TO SIR CHARLES AND HIS DEATH GAVE US QUITE A SHOCK. I FEAR WE SHALL NEVER AGAIN FEEL COMFORTABLE HERE AT BASKERVILLE HALL.
BUT WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH 'YOURSELVES --?

I HAVE NO DOUBT, SIR, THAT WE SHALL SUCCEED IN ESTABLISHING OURSELVES IN SOME BUSINESS.
SIR CHARLES' GENEROSITY HAS PROVIDED US WITH THE MEANS TO DO SO.
AND NOW, SIR, PERHAPS I HAD BEST SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOMS.

LATER, IN THE VAST DINING ROOM WHICH WAS A PLACE OF SHADOW AND GLOOM, WE TOOK OUR FIRST MEAL AT THE HALL IN LOW SPIRITS. WE SPOKE LITTLE AND FELT GREATLY OPPRESSED, AS THOUGH THE SOMBER MOOD OF THE PLACE WERE EXERCISING A TANGIBLE EFFECT UPON US...
NOT VERY CHEERFUL, IS IT, DR. WATSON?
I SUPPOSE ONE CAN GROW ACCUSTOMED TO IT, BUT RIGHT NOW I FEEL A BIT OUT OF THE PICTURE.


I DON'T WONDER THAT MY UNCLE GOT A LITTLE JUMPY LIVING ALL ALONE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS. HOWEVER, IF IT SUITS YOU, WE WILL RETIRE EARLY TONIGHT...
...AND PERHAPS THINGS WILL SEEM BRIGHTER IN THE MORNING.
IT SUITED ME FINE...

MY SUSPICIONS ABOUT BARRYMORE LED ME TO TAKE AN EXCURSION AFTER BREAKFAST: WAS IT BARRYMORE, AFTER ALL, WHOM WE HAD SEEN IN THE CAB IN REGENT STREET?
POST-MASTER
I ENDEAVORED TO FIND OUT BY TAKING A WALK OF FOUR MILES ALONG THE EDGE OF THE MOOR, LEADING ME TO THE GRIMPEN POSTMASTER...
IT WAS HERE I WOULD LEARN IF HOLMES' TEST TELEGRAM HAD SERVED US AS WELL AS IT HAD SEEMED...
AND DID YOU DELIVER THE TELEGRAM DIRECTLY INTO BARRYMORE'S HANDS.
NO, SIR... BUT I HAD MY BOY DELIVER IT-- EXACTLY AS INSTRUCTED.
MAY I SEE HIM?
CERTAINLY, SIR-- HE IS RIGHT HERE.
I DID NOTHING WRONG, SIR-- I DELIVERED THE TELEGRAM STRAIGHT TO BASKERVILLE HALL.
INTO MR. BARRYMORE'S OWN HANDS?
WELL, NO, SIR-- HE WAS UP IN THE LOFT AT THE TIME, BUT I GAVE IT INTO HIS WIFE'S HANDS AND SHE PROMISED TO DELIVER IT AT AT ONCE.
THEN YOU DID NOT ACTUALLY SEE MR. BARRYMORE?
NO, SIR-- I TELL YOU HE WAS UP IN THE LOFT.
I... SEE...
I DECIDED TO WALK BACK ACROSS THE LONELY MOOR, REFLECTING UPON WHAT I HAD LEARNED. I MUST WRITE TO HOLMES OF THIS AT ONCE...
WAS IT BARRYMORE WHO FOLLOWED MORTIMER AND SIR HENRY, AND DID HE ALSO SEND THE NOTE CLIPPED FROM THE TIMES...?
...FOR IT WAS NOW POSSIBLE THAT BARRYMORE WAS IN LONDON DURING THE TIME OF ALL THE INTRIGUES WHICH HAD WOVEN AN INVISIBLE NET AROUND SIR HENRY.
MY THOUGHTS WERE SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET BEHIND ME...

YOU WILL EXCUSE MY PRESUMPTION, DR. WATSON, BUT HERE ON THE MOOR WE ARE A FRIENDLY FOLK AND DO NOT WAIT FOR FORMAL INTRODUCTIONS.
I HAVE BEEN VISITING OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, MORTIMER, AND HE POINTED YOU OUT TO ME FROM THE WINDOW OF HIS SURGERY AS YOU PASSED.
EH--?
OH, FORGIVE ME-- I AM STAPLETON, A NATURALIST OF MERRIPIT HOUSE.
I TRUST THAT SIR HENRY IS NONE THE WORSE FOR HIS JOURNEY?
HE IS VERY WELL, THANK YOU.
GOOD. WE WERE ALL RATHER AFRAID THAT AFTER THE SAD DEATH OF SIR CHARLES, THE NEW BARONET MIGHT REFUSE TO LIVE HERE.
YOU HAVE HEARD THE LEGEND OF THE FIEND DOG WHICH HAUNTS HIS FAMILY--?
MY REPLY WAS CUT OFF BY A DREADFUL SHRIEK WHICH ECHOED OVER THE MOOR. IT TURNED ME COLD WITH HORROR, BUT STAPLETON'S NERVES SEEMED TO BE STRONGER...
BY GEORGE, THERE IS ANOTHER OF THOSE POOR MISERABLE PONIES-- TWO IN TWO DAYS! IT'S A BAD PLACE, THE GREAT GRIMPEN MIRE...
REEEEE
I MYSELF AM ABLE TO CROSS IT, BY HOPPING THOSE SOLID CLUMPS OF GROUND-- BUT THE PONIES NEVER REALIZE THE DANGER UNTIL THE MIRE HAS THEM IN ITS CLUTCH.
BUT WE WERE SPEAKING ON THE TRAGIC DEATH OF SIR CHARLES. YES, THE LEGEND TOOK A GREAT HOLD UPON HIS IMAGINATION AND DESTROYED HIS NERVES...
REEEEE
IT'S NO WONDER THAT THE APPEARANCE OF ANY DOG WOULD HAVE A FATAL EFFECT UPON HIS DISEASED HEART THAT NIGHT IN THE YEW ALLEY...
EEEEEE
AT LAST, THE PONY WAS SUCKED UNDER THE MIRE, AND THE HORRIBLE SHRIEKS DIED.
ANYWAY, THAT IS MY EXPLANATION.
HAS MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES A BETTER ONE?
THE WORDS, SPOKEN SO CALMLY, TOOK AWAY MY BREATH FOR AN INSTANT...

HOLMES--! BUT WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF SHERLOCK--
LOOK! A CYCLOPIDES LEPIDOPTERA--!
YOU MUST EXCUSE ME AN INSTANT, DR. WATSON...!
TO MY DISMAY, THE SMALL MOTH FLUTTERED STRAIGHT FOR THE GREAT MIRE AND STAPLETON NEVER PAUSED FOR AN INSTANT AS HE PURSUED IT--
--BOUNDING FROM SOLID TUFT TO TUFT BEHIND IT, HIS GREEN NET WAVING IN THE AIR.
I WAS WATCHING HIS PURSUIT WITH A MIXTURE OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS EXTRAORDINARY AGILITY AND FEAR LEST HE SHOULD LOSE HIS FOOTING IN THE TREACHEROUS MIRE, WHEN--
GO BACK!
GO STRAIGHT BACK TO LONDON-- AT ONCE!
I HAD NO DOUBT THAT THIS WAS STAPLETON'S SISTER, BERYL, OF WHOM I HAD BEEN TOLD, SINCE LADIES OF ANY SORT MUST BE FEW UPON THE MOOR.
BUT WHY SHOULD I GO BACK--?
I CAN'T EXPLAIN-- BUT FOR GOD'S SAKE, DO AS I SAY AND NEVER SET FOOT UPON THE MOOR AGAIN.
BUT I HAVE ONLY JUST ARRIVED...!

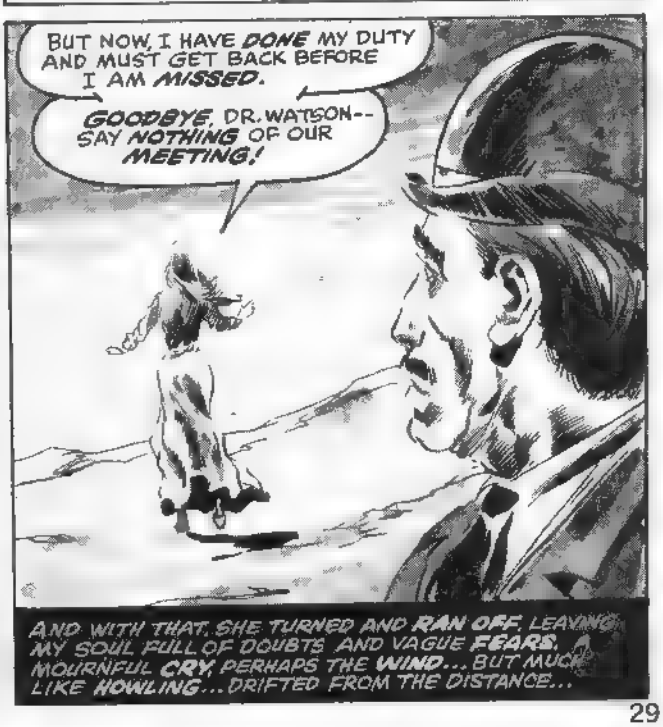
LISTEN TO ME, MAN -- I BEG YOU! CAN YOU NOT TELL WHEN A WARNING IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD--? GO BACK TO LONDON -- START TONIGHT!
GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE AT ALL COSTS!
BUT WHY THE DEVIL ARE YOU--
HUSH! MY BROTHER IS COMING.
NOT A WORD OF WHAT I HAVE SAID.
STAPLETON HAD ABANDONED THE CHASE, AND CAME BACK TO US BREATHING HEAVILY AND FLUSHED WITH HIS EXERTIONS...
IT SEEMED TO ME THAT THE TONE OF HIS GREETING WAS NOT ALTOGETHER CORDIAL.
HALLOA, BERYL!
WELL, JACK, YOU SEEM VERY EXCITED.
YES, I WAS CHASING A CYCLOPIDES. THEY ARE VERY RARE -- AND SELDOM FOUND IN THE LATE AUTUMN.
WHAT A PITY I HAVE LOST HIM.
HE SPOKE UNCONCERNEDLY, BUT HIS SMALL EYES DARTED INCESSANTLY FROM THE GIRL TO ME...
YOU HAVE INTRODUCED YOURSELVES, I SEE...
YES, I WAS TELLING SIR HENRY THAT IT IS RATHER LATE FOR HIM TO SEE THE TRUE BEAUTIES OF THE MOOR.
SIR HENRY--?

I WAS ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO MY CHARGE...
IT SEEMED, HOWEVER, THAT THERE WAS A SHORT CUT FOR THOSE WHO KNEW IT...
...FOR, BEING DISTURBED BY ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED RECENTLY, I SENSED THAT SIR HENRY WAS IN SOME VAGUE, UNDEFINABLE DANGER.
THUS, I SET OFF AT ONCE, WALKING BRISKLY DOWN THE PATH BY WHICH WE HAD COME...
...FOR I WAS ASTOUNDED TO SEE MISS STAPLETON SITTING UPON A ROCK IN FRONT OF ME.

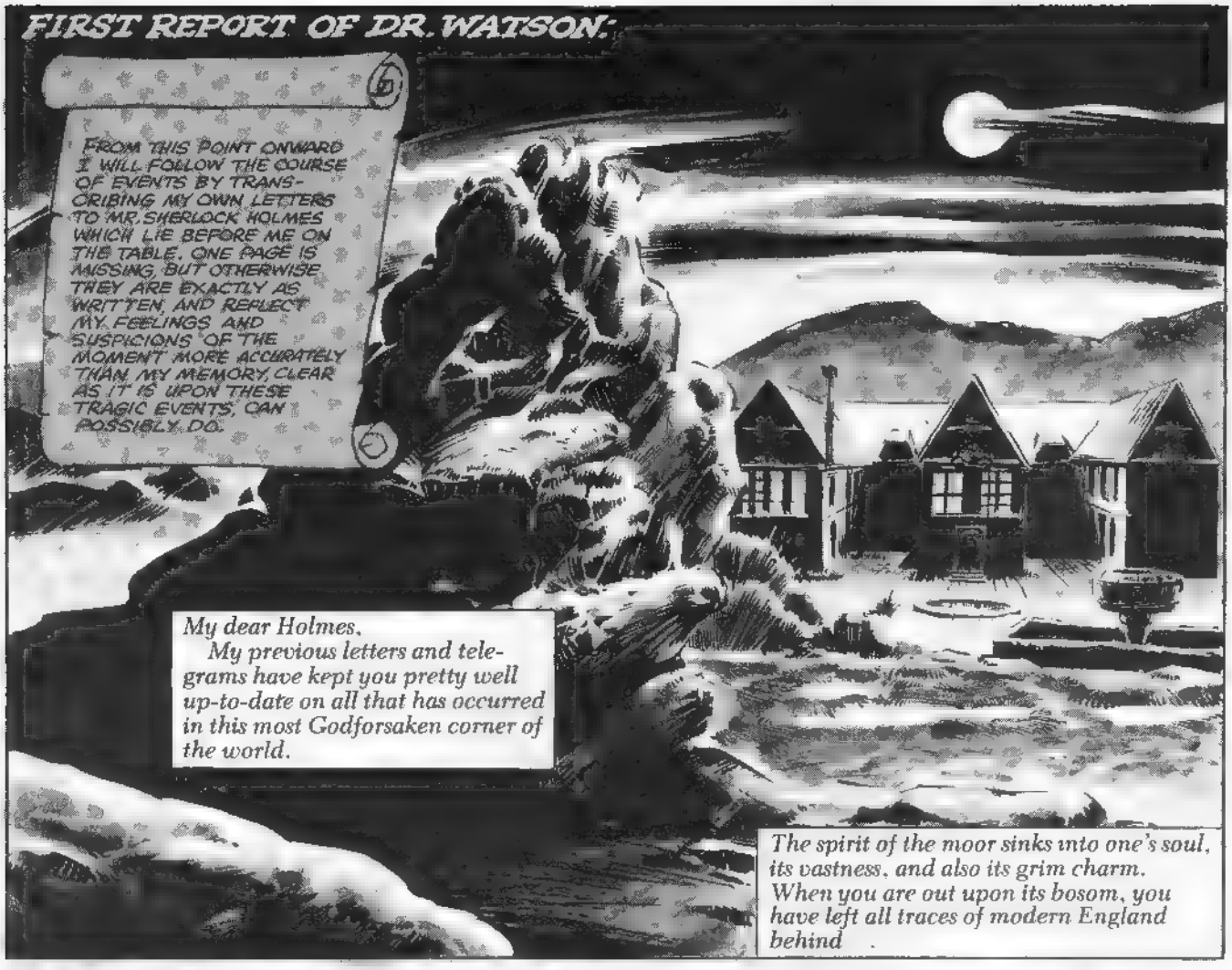
DR. WATSON -- I HAVE RUN ALL THE WAY IN ORDER TO CATCH YOU. I MUST SPEAK QUICKLY, OR MY BROTHER MAY MISS ME.
YOU MUST FORGET WHAT I SAID.
IT DOES NOT APPLY TO YOU.
BUT I CANNOT FORGET IT, SIR HENRY IS MY FRIEND, AND HIS WELFARE IS MY CONCERN. TELL ME WHY YOU WISHED HIM TO LEAVE.

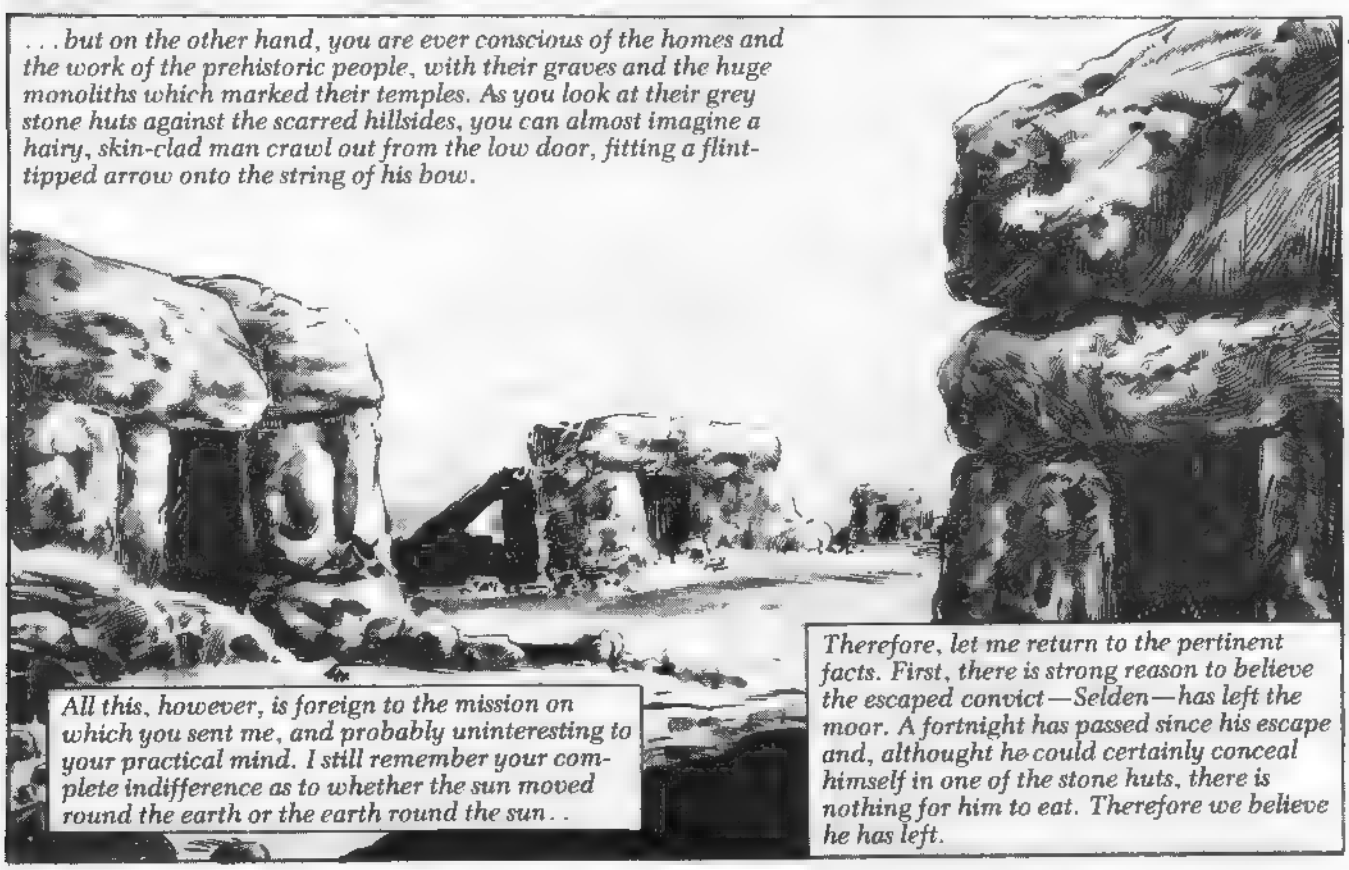
MERELY A WOMAN'S WHIM, DR. WATSON - YOU MAKE TOO MUCH OF IT.
NO -- I HEARD THE URGENCY IN YOUR VOICE -- I SAW THE LOOK IN YOUR EYES. WHAT IS THIS DANGER YOU SPOKE OF?
HAVE YOU HEARD THE STORY OF THE HOUND?
YES, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IN SUCH NONSENSE.

AND I DO BELIEVE IN IT, DR. WATSON -- AND I FEAR THE HELL-HOUND WILL TAKE SIR HENRY'S LIFE.
VERY WELL, BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT YOUR BROTHER TO OVERHEAR THIS?
MY BROTHER IS VERY ANXIOUS TO HAVE THE HALL INHABITED, BELIEVING IT IS GOOD FOR THE POOR FOLK UPON THE MOOR. HE WOULD BE VERY ANGRY IF HE KNEW THAT I HAD SAID ANY-THING WHICH MIGHT INDUCE SIR HENRY TO GO AWAY.


BUT NOW, I HAVE DONE MY DUTY AND MUST GET BACK BEFORE I AM MISSED.
GOODBYE, DR. WATSON -- SAY NOTHING OF OUR MEETING!
AND WITH THAT, SHE TURNED AND RAN OFF, LEAVING MY SOUL FULL OF DOUBTS AND VAGUE FEARS. MOURNFUL CRY, PERHAPS THE WIND... BUT MUCH LIKE HOWLING... DRIFTED FROM THE DISTANCE...

IS THAT WHO YOU THINK I AM?
YOU ARE NOT SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE--?
OH, NO--ONLY A HUMBLE COMMONER, BUT HIS FRIEND. MY NAME IS DR. WATSON.
A FLUSH OF VEXATION PASSED OVER HER EXPRESSIVE FACE...
WE HAVE BEEN TALKING AT CROSS PURPOSES, DR. WATSON...
BUT YOU WILL COME ON TO SEE MERRIPIT HOUSE, WILL YOU NOT?
IT WAS A BLEAK MOORLAND HOUSE...
...MEAN AND MELANCHOLY.
QUEER SPOT TO CHOOSE, IS IT NOT, DR. WATSON?
INSIDE, HOWEVER, THE ROOMS WERE FURNISHED IN ELEGANCE.
AND YET, WE MANAGE TO MAKE OURSELVES HAPPY HERE, DO WE NOT, BERYL?
QUITE HAPPY.
BUT HER WORDS LACKED CONVICTION.
YOU SEE, I OWNED A SCHOOL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY BUT THE FATES WERE AGAINST US. A SERIOUS EPIDEMIC BROKE OUT AND THREE OF MY STUDENTS DIED. THE SCHOOL WAS CLOSED AND MUCH OF MY CAPITAL WAS SWALLOWED.
HOWEVER, IF NOT FOR THE LOSS OF THE BOYS, I COULD ALMOST REJOICE IN MY MISFORTUNE. WITH MY STRONG INTEREST IN BOTANY AND ZOOLOGY, I FIND AN UNLIMITED FIELD OF WORK HERE.
ALL THIS DR. WATSON IS IN ANSWER TO YOUR UNSPOKEN QUESTION.
WELL, IT DID CROSS MY MIND THAT IT MIGHT BE A LITTLE DULL FOR YOU HERE...
NEVER DULL. WE HAVE OUR BOOKS, OUR STUDIES, AND WE HAVE INTERESTING NEIGHBORS, WHICH REMINDS ME, DO YOU THINK WE WOULD BE INTRUDING--
--IF WE WERE TO CALL UPON SIR HENRY THIS AFTERNOON--TO MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE?
I'M SURE HE WOULD BE DELIGHTED.
AND SO I ROSE TO LEAVE, STILL UNSETTLED BY--MISS STAPLETON'S MANNER...

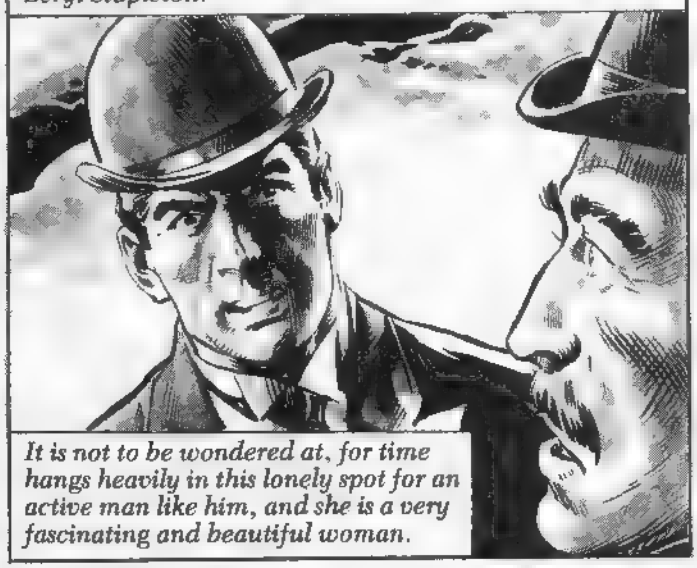

FIRST REPORT OF DR. WATSON:
FROM THIS POINT ONWARD I WILL FOLLOW THE COURSE OF EVENTS BY TRANSCRIBING MY OWN LETTERS TO MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES WHICH LIE BEFORE ME ON THE TABLE. ONE PAGE IS MISSING, BUT OTHERWISE THEY ARE EXACTLY AS WRITTEN, AND REFLECT MY FEELINGS AND SUSPICIONS OF THE MOMENT MORE ACCURATELY THAN MY MEMORY, CLEAR AS IT IS UPON THESE TRAGIC EVENTS, CAN POSSIBLY DO.
My dear Holmes,
My previous letters and telegrams have kept you pretty well up-to-date on all that has occurred in this most Godforsaken corner of the world.
The spirit of the moor sinks into one's soul, its vastness, and also its grim charm. When you are out upon its bosom, you have left all traces of modern England behind


. . . but on the other hand, you are ever conscious of the homes and the work of the prehistoric people, with their graves and the huge monoliths which marked their temples. As you look at their grey stone huts against the scarred hillsides, you can almost imagine a hairy, skin-clad man crawl out from the low door, fitting a flint-tipped arrow onto the string of his bow.
All this, however, is foreign to the mission on which you sent me, and probably uninteresting to your practical mind. I still remember your complete indifference as to whether the sun moved round the earth or the earth round the sun . .
Therefore, let me return to the pertinent facts. First, there is strong reason to believe the escaped convict—Selden—has left the moor. A fortnight has passed since his escape and, althought he could certainly conceal himself in one of the stone huts, there is nothing for him to eat. Therefore we believe he has left.

Secondly, Sir Henry and I have taken an excursion to the spot where wicked Hugo of legend is supposed to have met his death. It is a place so dismal that it deserves the legend. . .

Two great stones, worn and corroding, jut up from the ground like the fangs of some monstrous beast — corresponding in every respect to the grisly tale of old.

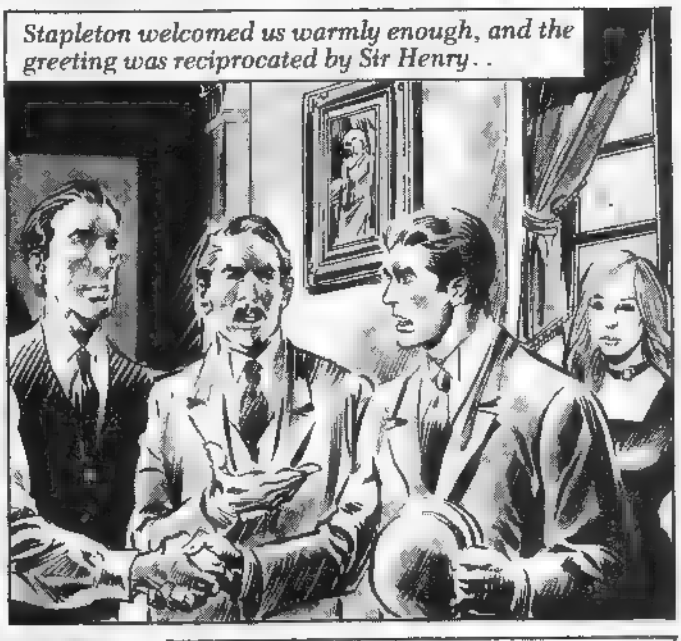
As unlikely as the spot was, it was there that Sir Henry confessed a considerable interest in our fair neighbor Beryl Stapleton.



It is not to be wondered at, for time hangs heavily in this lonely spot for an active man like him, and she is a very fascinating and beautiful woman.

Thus, on our way back to the Hall, we elected to stop at Merripit House for lunch .

Stapleton welcomed us warmly enough, and the greeting was reciprocated by Sir Henry. .

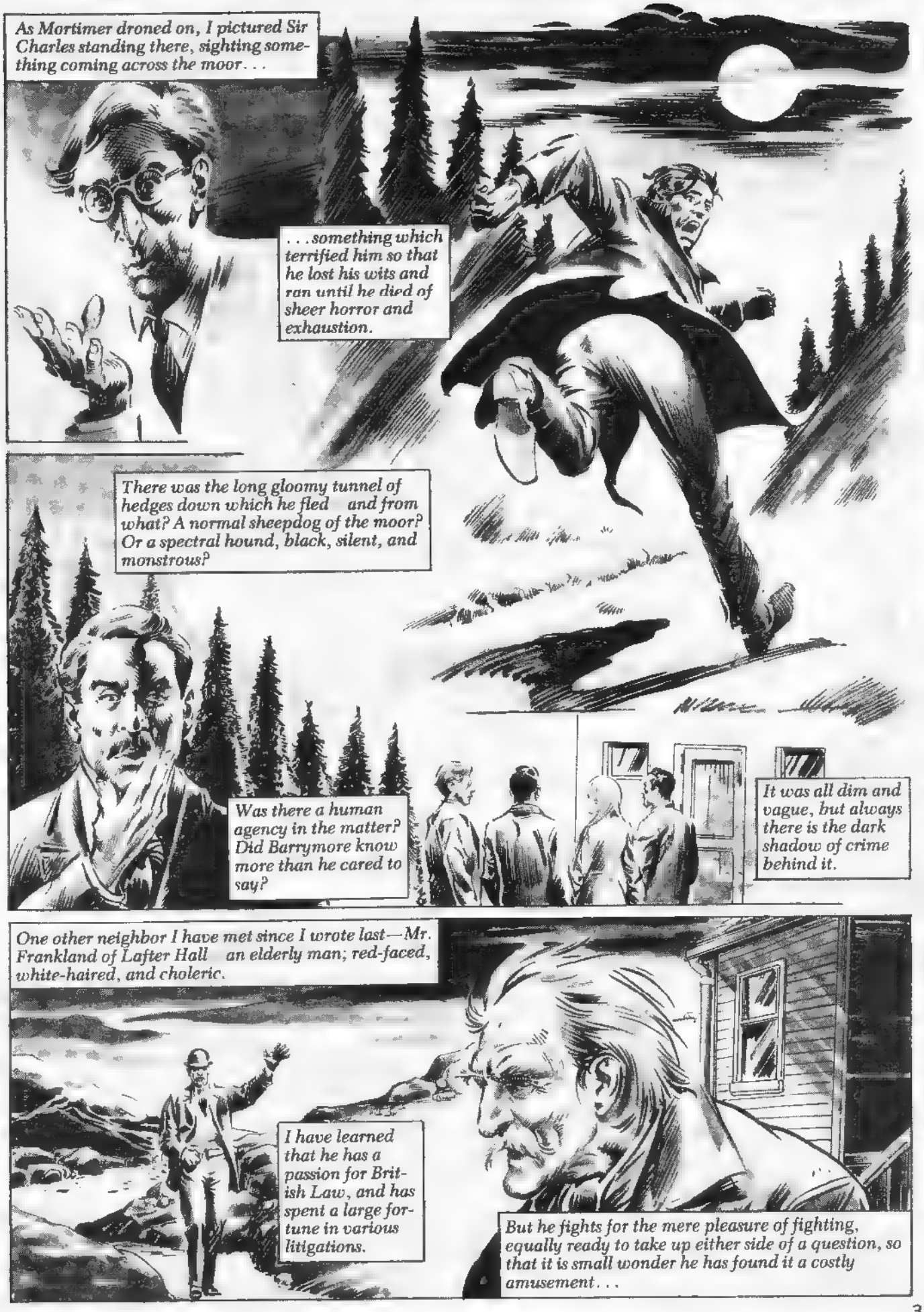


But from the first moment he saw Miss Stapleton, the attraction between them was well evident.

They spoke for a long while, softly and intimately, and one would imagine that such a match for his sister would be welcomed by Stapleton—

—but more than once, I caught a look of the strongest disapprobation is his face when Sir Henry had been paying some attention to his sister. You would find him an interesting study, Holmes, with his sense of hidden fires

There is a dry glitter in his eyes, and a firm set of his thin lips, which go with a possibly harsh nature. I hope that he is kind to his sister, but fear not.


As Mortimer droned on, I pictured Sir Charles standing there, sighting something coming across the moor. . .
. . . something which terrified him so that he lost his wits and ran until he died of sheer horror and exhaustion.
There was the long gloomy tunnel of hedges down which he fled and from what? A normal sheepdog of the moor? Or a spectral hound, black, silent, and monstrous?
Was there a human agency in the matter? Did Barrymore know more than he cared to say?
It was all dim and vague, but always there is the dark shadow of crime behind it.
One other neighbor I have met since I wrote last—Mr. Frankland of Lafter Hall an elderly man; red-faced, white-haired, and choleric.
I have learned that he has a passion for British Law, and has spent a large fortune in various litigations.
But he fights for the mere pleasure of fighting, equally ready to take up either side of a question, so that it is small wonder he has found it a costly amusement. . .

At any rate, Sir Henry referred to her again and again on our walk home. And by the way, your instructions never to allow Sir Henry to go out alone will become difficult were a love-affair to be added to our other problems.

My popularity would suffer severely if I were to carry out your orders to the letter.

Thursday, Dr. Mortimer lunched with us. He had been excavating a barrow at Long Down

. . .and true to his rabid enthusiasm for phrenology

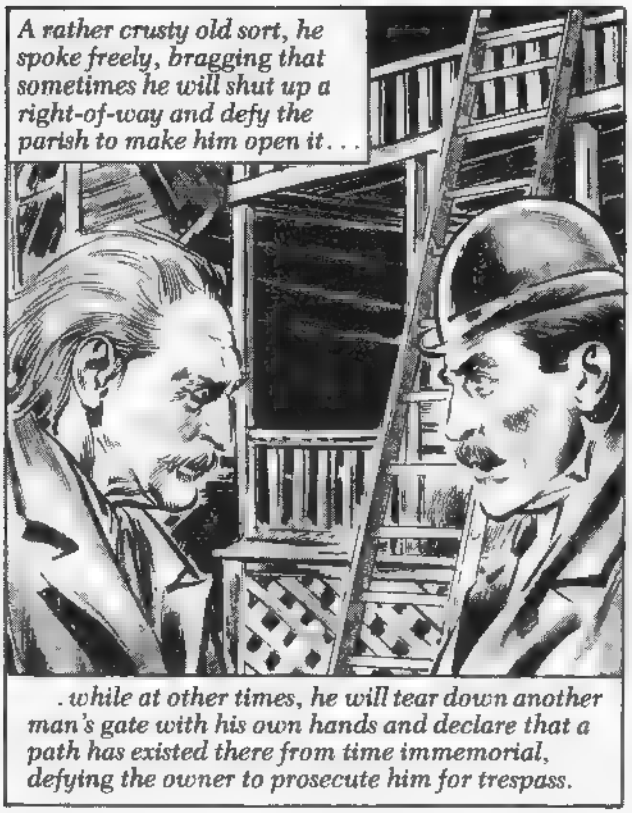
—he has unearthed a prehistoric skull which fills him with great joy. His dissertation on the skull's cranial convolutions was, sadly, endless.

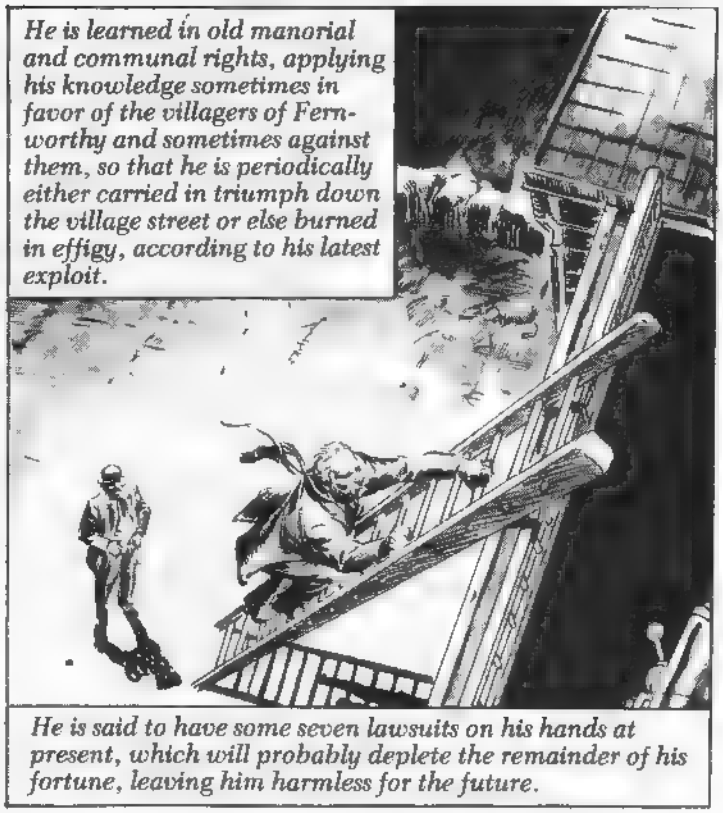
The Stapleton's came in afterwards, much to my relief for the interruption—

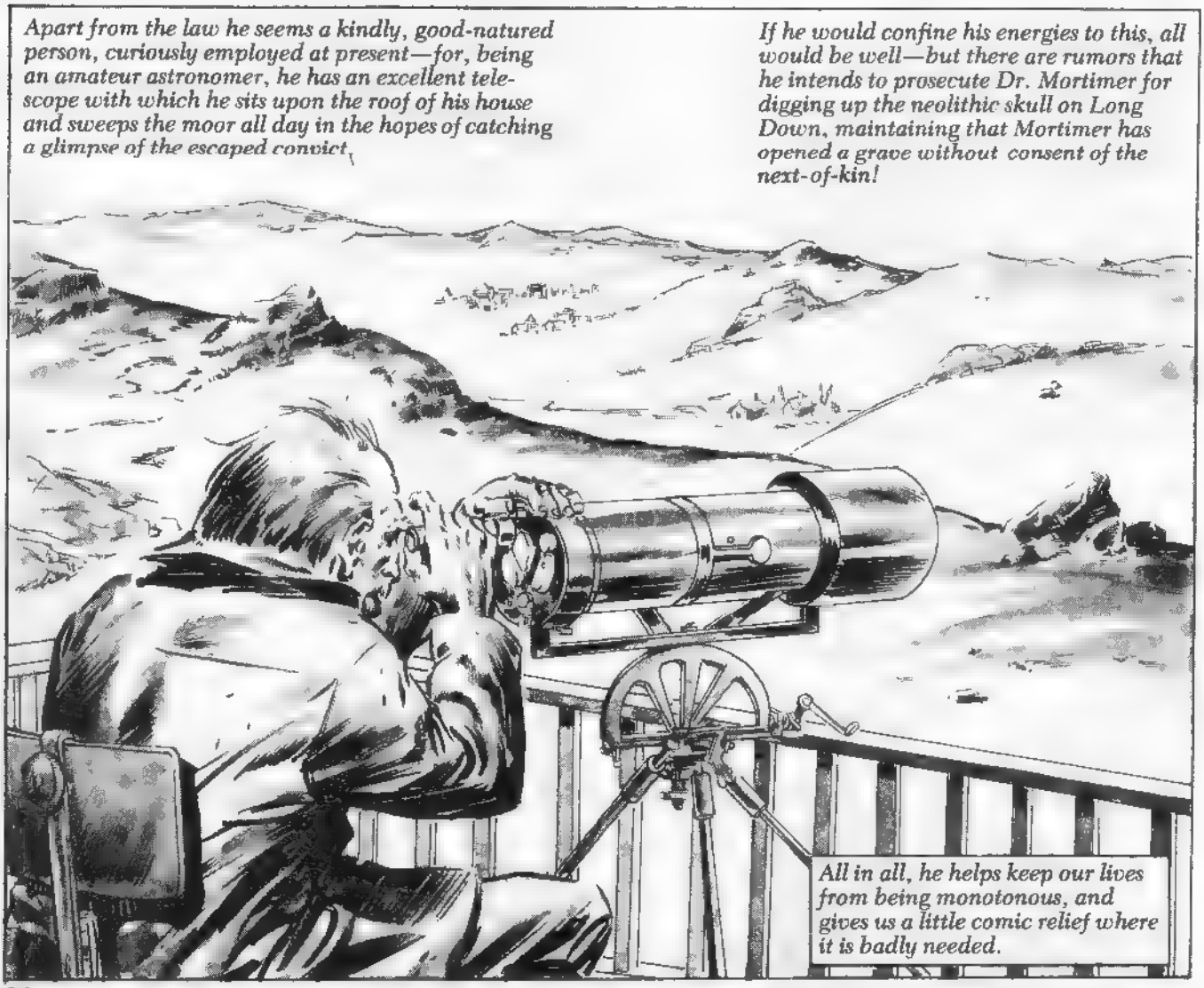
—and much to Sir Henry's pleasure at the presence of his beloved Beryl.

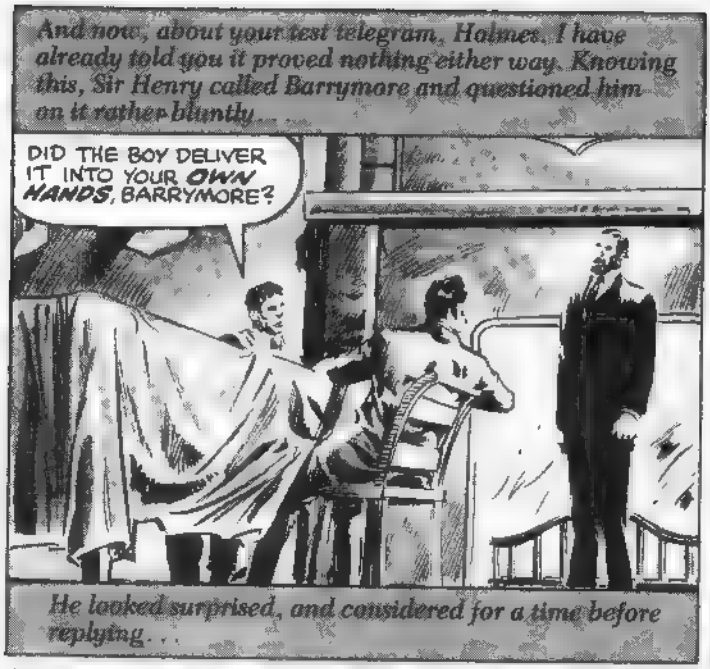
Later, the good Dr. Mortimer took us all to the Yew Alley, at Sir Henry's request, to show us exactly how everything occured on Sir Charles' last fatal night.

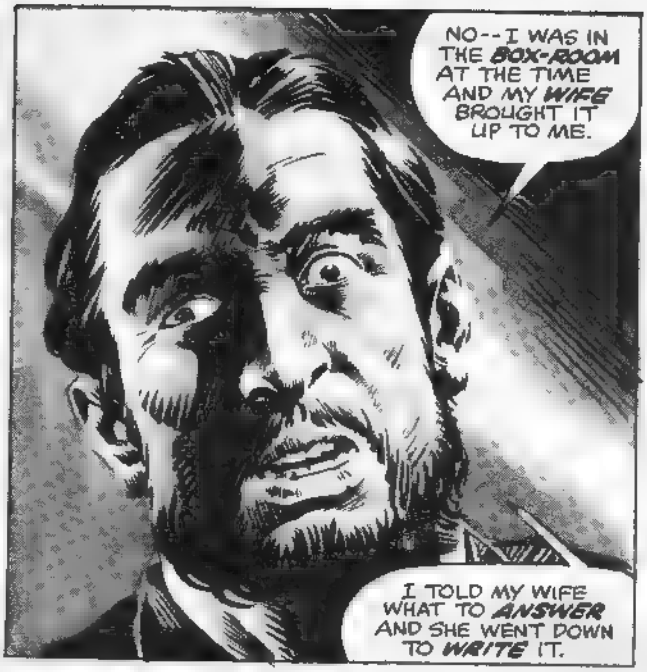
I remembered your theory of the affair and tried to picture all that might have transpired. . .


A rather crusty old sort, he spoke freely, bragging that sometimes he will shut up a right-of-way and defy the parish to make him open it. . .
. while at other times, he will tear down another man's gate with his own hands and declare that a path has existed there from time immemorial, defying the owner to prosecute him for trespass.


He is learned in old manorial and communal rights, applying his knowledge sometimes in favor of the villagers of Fernworthy and sometimes against them, so that he is periodically either carried in triumph down the village street or else burned in effigy, according to his latest exploit.
He is said to have some seven lawsuits on his hands at present, which will probably deplete the remainder of his fortune, leaving him harmless for the future.

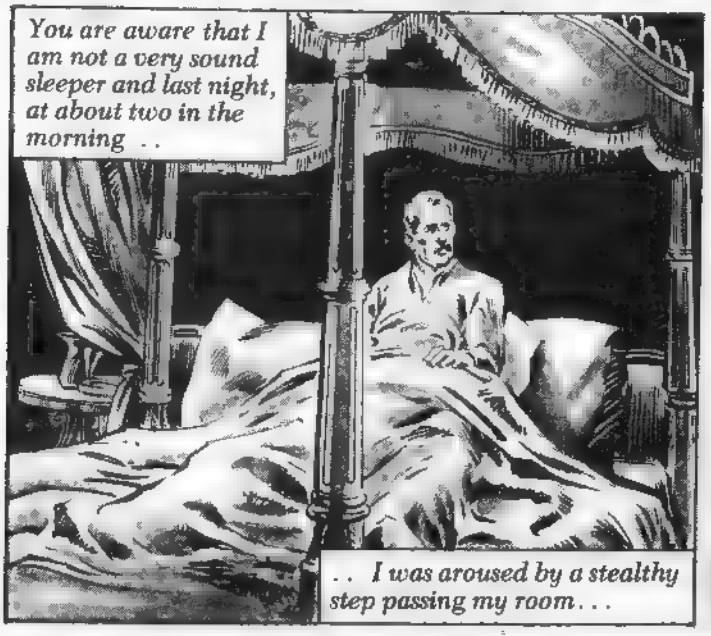

Apart from the law he seems a kindly, good-natured person, curiously employed at present—for, being an amateur astronomer, he has an excellent telescope with which he sits upon the roof of his house and sweeps the moor all day in the hopes of catching a glimpse of the escaped convict.
If he would confine his energies to this, all would be well—but there are rumors that he intends to prosecute Dr. Mortimer for digging up the neolithic skull on Long Down, maintaining that Mortimer has opened a grave without consent of the next-of-kin!
All in all, he helps keep our lives from being monotonous, and gives us a little comic relief where it is badly needed.

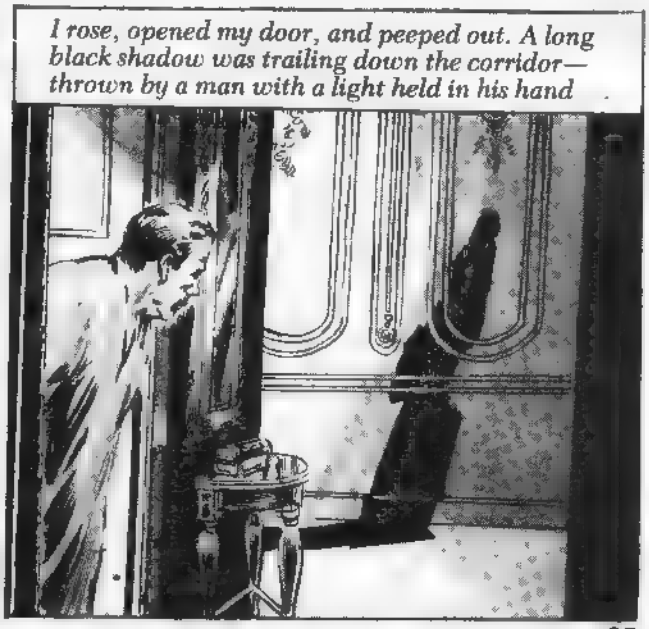

And now, about your test telegram, Holmes. I have already told you it proved nothing either way. Knowing this, Sir Henry called Barrymore and questioned him on it rather bluntly...
DID THE BOY DELIVER IT INTO YOUR OWN HANDS, BARRYMORE?
He looked surprised, and considered for a time before replying...


NO--I WAS IN THE BOX-ROOM AT THE TIME AND MY WIFE BROUGHT IT UP TO ME.
I TOLD MY WIFE WHAT TO ANSWER AND SHE WENT DOWN TO WRITE IT.

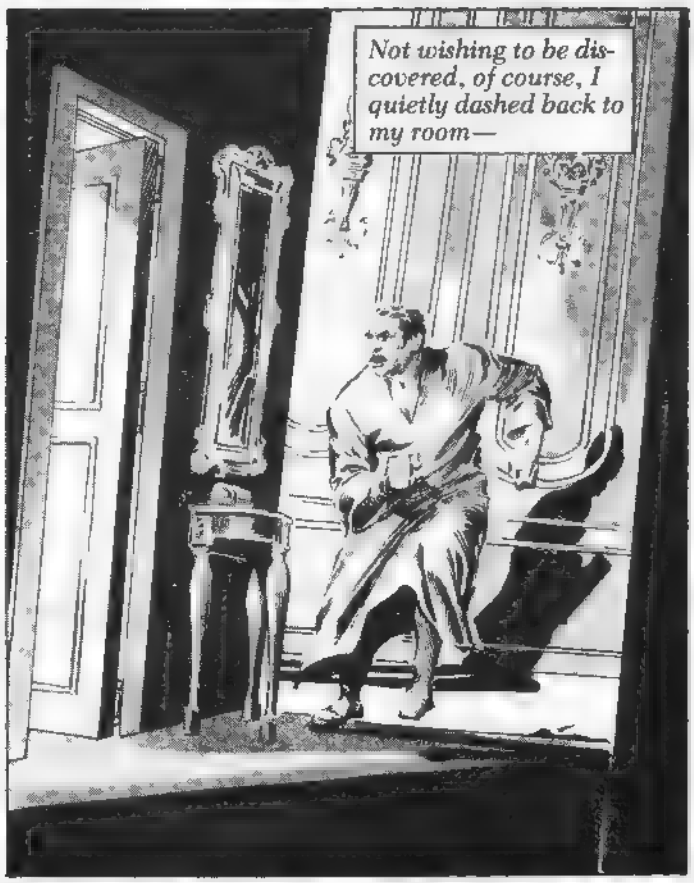
Mrs. Barrymore is of interest to me. She is inclined to be puritanical and you can hardly conceive of a less emotional subject.
Yet I have already told you of her sobbing in the night, and more than once I have observed traces of tears upon her face.

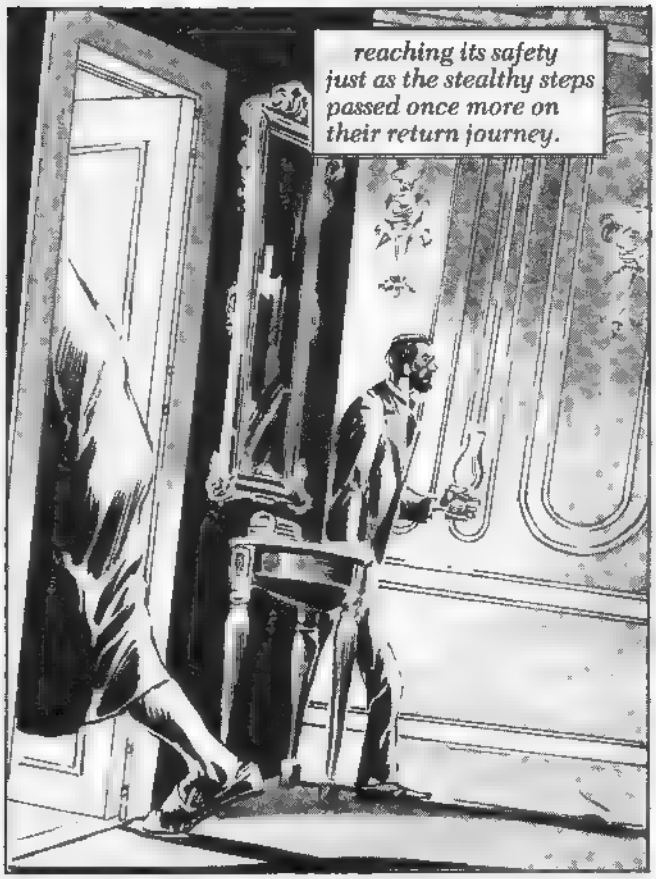
Some deep sorrow gnaws at her heart, and I sometimes wonder if she has a guilty memory which haunts her.
And yet it may be that her husband is indeed a tyrant.
I have always felt there was something questionable about the man's character, but the adventure of last night brings all my suspicions to a head.

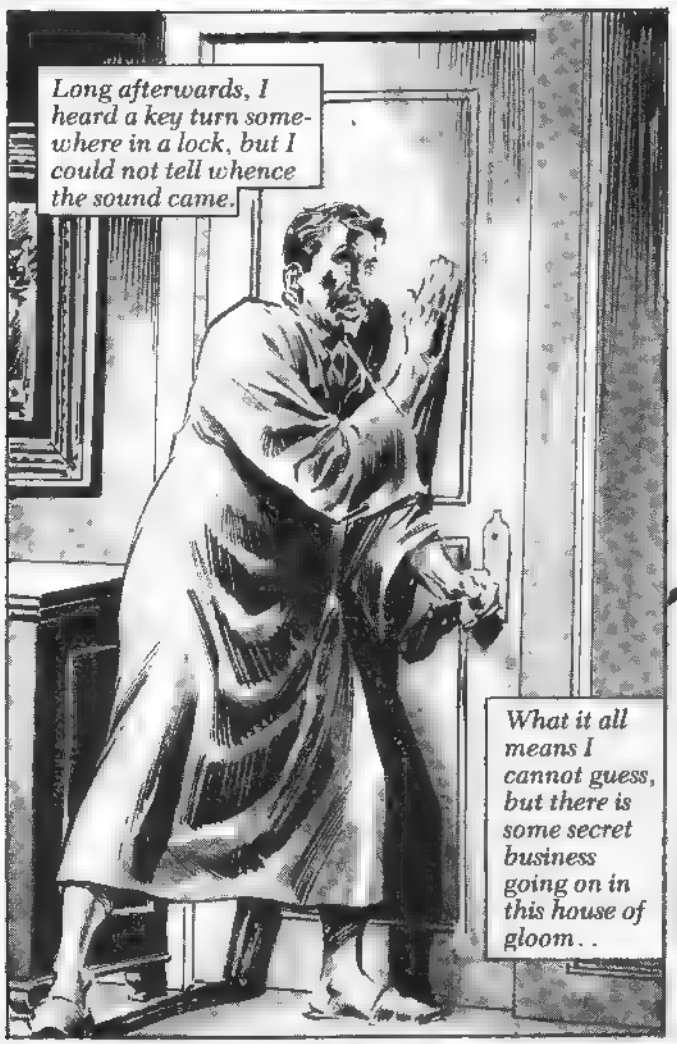

You are aware that I am not a very sound sleeper and last night, at about two in the morning ..
.. I was aroused by a stealthy step passing my room...


I rose, opened my door, and peeped out. A long black shadow was trailing down the corridor—thrown by a man with a light held in his hand

It was Barrymore, and there was something indescribably guilty and furtive in his whole appearance.
I crept down the passage as noiselessly as I could and peeped round the corner to spy on his mysterious expedition.
He stood at a certain window with the lamp held against the glass. His profile was turned toward me and his face seemed to be rigid with expectation as he stared out into the blackness of the moor . .
For some minutes he stood watching intently. .
. . . then gave a deep groan. . .
. . . and with an impatient gesture, he put out the light. Instantly, I jerked back out of sight as he turned to return down the corridor. .

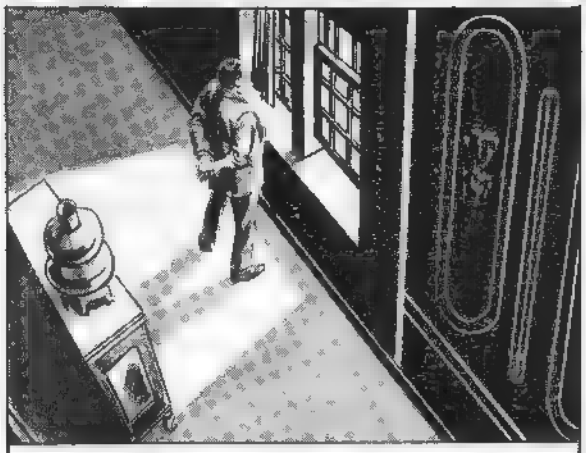

Not wishing to be discovered, of course, I quietly dashed back to my room—


reaching its safety just as the stealthy steps passed once more on their return journey.


Long afterwards, I heard a key turn somewhere in a lock, but I could not tell whence the sound came.
What it all means I cannot guess, but there is some secret business going on in this house of gloom..

I do not trouble you with my theories, for you asked me to furnish you only with facts... but I have had a long talk with Sir Henry this morning...
...and we have made a plan of campaign founded upon my observations of last night. I will not speak about it just now, but it should make my next report interesting reading.

SECOND REPORT OF DR. WATSON: THE LIGHT UPON THE MOOR



My dear Holmes,

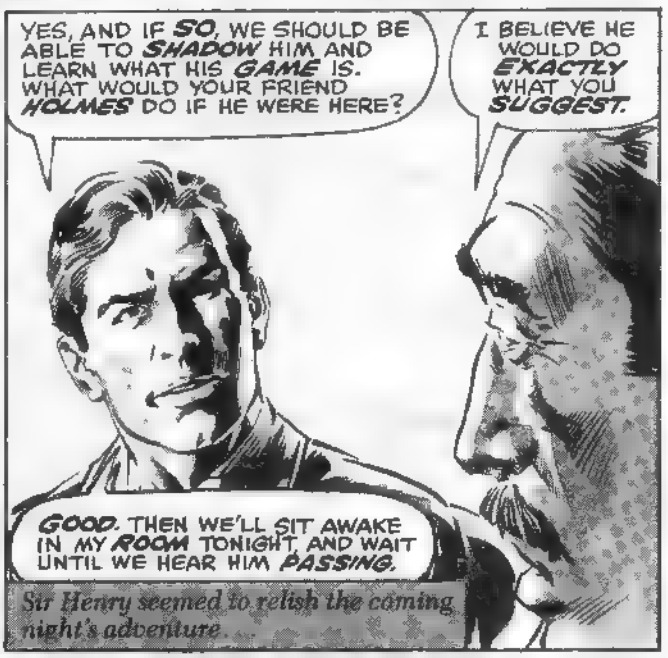
Things have taken a turn I could not have anticipated. In the last forty-eight hours matters have become both much clearer and more complicated. On the morning following my adventure, I examined the window at which Barrymore had stood the night before.

The window he chose is different from the others in one respect—it commands the best view of the moor, looking straight out at a cleft tor in the distance.

Therefore, Barrymore must have been searching for something or somebody upon the moor, though what he hoped to see in such darkness I could not imagine.

At breakfast, I told Sir Henry all that I had seen. He was less surprised than I had expected .

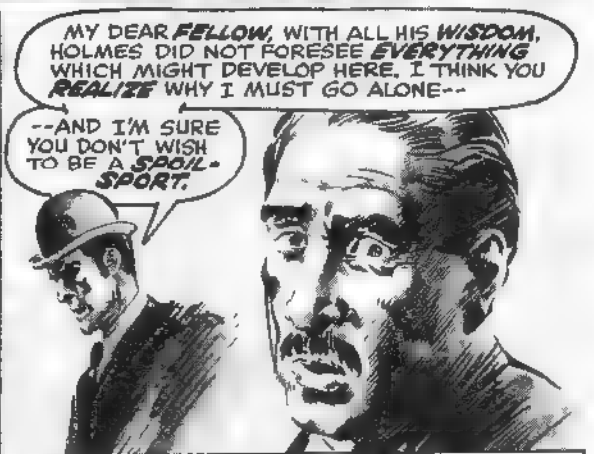
YES, I KNEW BARRYMORE WALKED ABOUT AT NIGHT-- I'VE HEARD HIS STEPS A NUMBER OF TIMES.
REALLY? THEN PERHAPS HE PAYS A VISIT TO THAT WINDOW EVERY NIGHT?


YES, AND IF SO, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SHADOW HIM AND LEARN WHAT HIS GAME IS. WHAT WOULD YOUR FRIEND HOLMES DO IF HE WERE HERE?
I BELIEVE HE WOULD DO EXACTLY WHAT YOU SUGGEST.
GOOD. THEN WE'LL SIT AWAKE IN MY ROOM TONIGHT AND WAIT UNTIL WE HEAR HIM PASSING.

Sir Henry seemed to relish the coming night's adventure. . .

. . . but later that afternoon, he had an entirely different matter on his mind.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, WATSON?
WITH YOU, OF COURSE.
YOU KNOW HOLMES INSTRUCTED ME NOT TO LET YOU VENTURE ONTO THE MOOR BY YOURSELF.


MY DEAR FELLOW, WITH ALL HIS WISDOM, HOLMES DID NOT FORESEE EVERYTHING WHICH MIGHT DEVELOP HERE. I THINK YOU REALIZE WHY I MUST GO ALONE--
--AND I'M SURE YOU DON'T WISH TO BE A SPOIL-SPORT.

You can see, Holmes, that it put me in a most awkward position. I could not accompany him, and yet I did not wish to allow him out of my sight. . .

Thus, feeling guilty for both partially neglecting my duty and for spying on my friend—

—I elected to follow him at a discreet distance. I would probably be too far away to help him, but at least I would know if help were needed...

From a quarter-mile off, I soon saw Miss Stapleton meet him, obviously by appointment. I could hear nothing of what they said...

but their gestures told me some small things ..

Sir Henry was extremely earnest, and seemed to implore Miss Stapleton.

...but while she did not pull away from him or offer any sign of rejection—

—she nevertheless shook her head continuously, but sadly, refusing whatever suggestions he made.

It did not seem to be a case of unrequited love on her part...

. as much as it seemed to be a willing, but regrettably impossible, love.

Moments later, I saw what I presumed to be the reason for this. Stapleton had rushed up from nowhere and began shouting at his sister in a terrible voice...

As far as I could discern, Miss Stapleton said nothing—

—and when Sir Henry spoke up in her defense—

—a heated argument grew between him and the wildly gesticulating naturalist.

Finally, Stapleton turned on his heel and dragged his sister off.
Sir Henry seemed to be at his wit's end.
There was nothing he could do but look after them, alone and forlorn, the very picture of dejection.
Ashamed at having witnessed a scene so private, yet wishing to comfort the young baronet, I made my presence known..
WATSON--! WHERE HAVE YOU DROPPED FROM?!
I WAS ON THE HILL, SIR HENRY, WATCHING.
QUITE IN THE BACK ROW, THEN. BUT TELL ME, HAS HE EVER STRUCK YOU AS BEING CRAZY, THIS BROTHER OF HERS?
I CANNOT SAY THAT HE HAS...
YES, I HAD ALSO THOUGHT HIM SANE ENOUGH -- UNTIL TODAY. BUT WHY SHOULD HE OBJECT TO ME WOOING HIS SISTER--? WHY SHOULD HIS EYES BLAZE WITH SUCH MAD FURY--?!
HE CAN'T OBJECT TO MY WORLDLY POSITION, SO HE MUST DISAPPROVE OF ME-- ANY YET I HAVE NEVER HARMED ANYONE, WATSON.
WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME--? I KNOW SHE LOVES ME-- I CAN SEE IT IN HER EYES..
YET WHEN I PROPOSED MARRIAGE TO HER, SHE WOULD NOT EVEN DISCUSS IT-- INSISTING ONLY THAT I SHOULD LEAVE--THAT SOME GREAT DANGER THREATENS ME.
AND HOW IS IT THAT STAPLETON CAN REJECT THE IDEA SO BRUSQUELY WITHOUT EVEN A REFERENCE TO HIS SISTER'S OWN WISHES--?
AND WHY SHOULD SHE ACCEPT THE SITUATION WITHOUT PROTEST?
I TELL YOU, WATSON, IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME INSANE...!
DID HE GIVE ANY EXPLANATION OF HIS CONDUCT?
ONLY THAT HIS SISTER IS EVERYTHING IN HIS LIFE AND THAT HE WON'T HAVE HER TAKEN AWAY.
You see, Holmes, Stapleton came by for a visit later, apologising for his rude conduct. He was the perfect gentleman and asked only that Sir Henry should be content with cultivating his sister's friendship without claiming her love.
If, after that time, Beryl was ready to pursue a course of love, Stapleton vowed not to stand in their way. And this Sir Henry agreed to do.
We returned to the hall, thoroughly baffled by the encounter which was soon to be laid at rest that very afternoon. .
Thus, with clear minds, we were able to pass on to another thread in this tangled skein—the mystery of the sobs in the night and Barrymore's visits to the window. I sat up with Sir Henry in his room until three o'clock in the morning, but our vigil ended a blank, with both of us falling asleep in our chairs ..

However, just after two on the following night, we both sat bolt upright, our fatigued senses shifting keenly to the alert. .

We had heard the creak of a step in the hall.

We were just in time to catch a glimpse of Barrymore creeping down the passage. . .

Very stealthily we set out in pursuit, gingerly testing each floorboard before daring to place our weight on it...

He went to the same window, candle in hand, and peered intently through the glass .

. exactly as I had seen him two nights before.

Shortly thereafter, uttering another groan of ambiguous significance, he turned from the window.

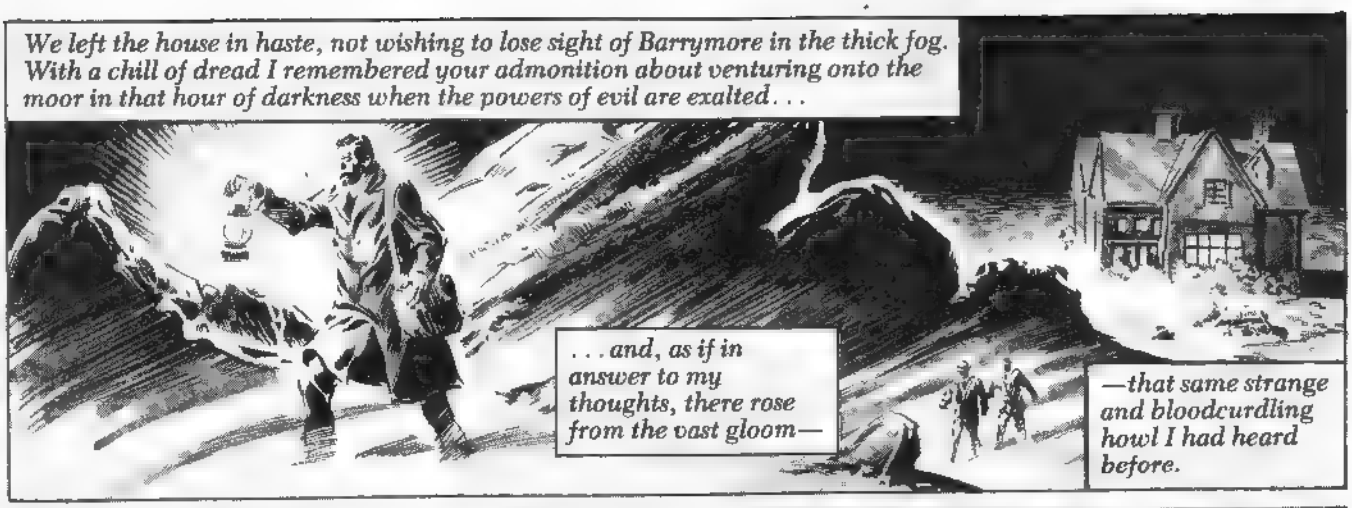
Employing every precaution at our disposal, we waited as he paced down the corridor .

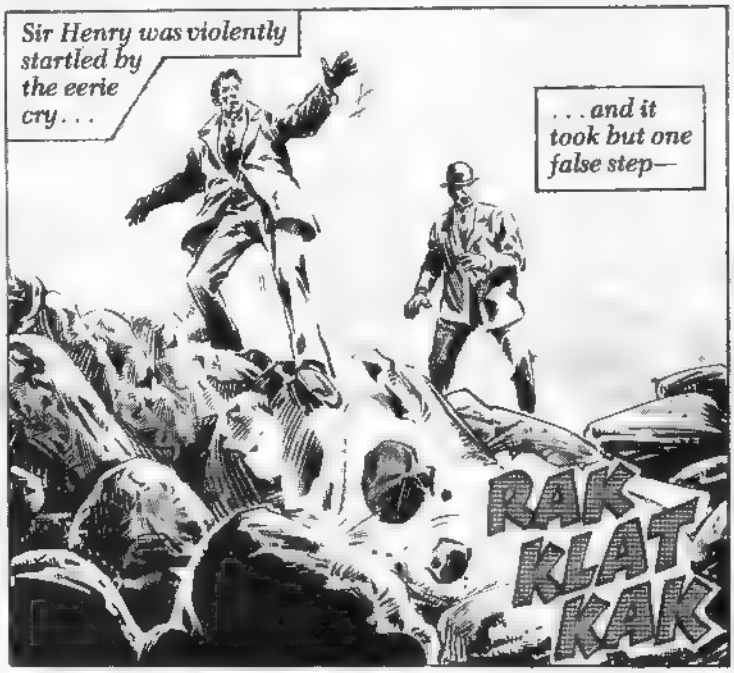
. . . and when we had given him more than enough time to reach his room, we stepped forth to investigate.

What we saw shocked us for a moment, for Barrymore had not returned to his room. There he was, a lantern in one hand and a bundle in the other, trekking across the cold and lonely moor. There was a single light burning from the shadows of the cleft tor. Clearly, that was his objective .

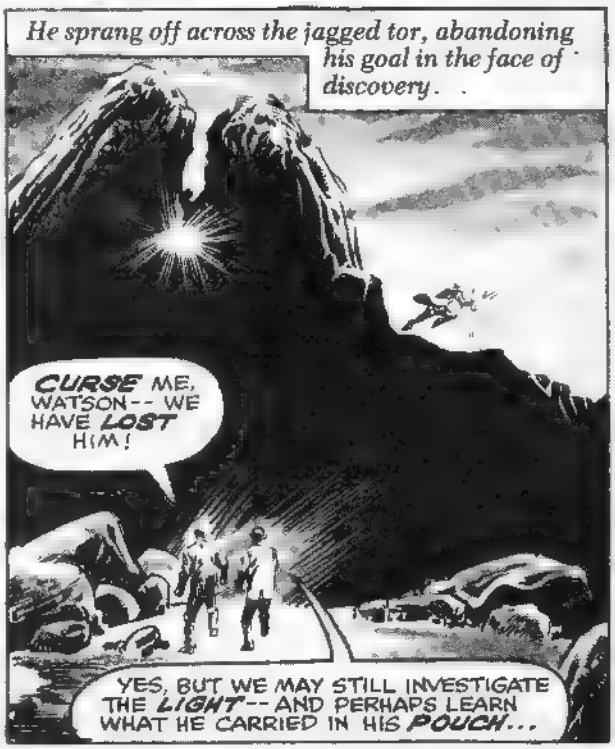
COME, WATSON-- WE SHALL FOLLOW THIS DARK MYSTERY TO ITS VERY ROOT...

...AND LEARN THE MEANING OF THAT SINISTER LIGHT.


We left the house in haste, not wishing to lose sight of Barrymore in the thick fog. With a chill of dread I remembered your admonition about venturing onto the moor in that hour of darkness when the powers of evil are exalted. . .
. . . and, as if in answer to my thoughts, there rose from the vast gloom—
—that same strange and bloodcurdling howl I had heard before.


Sir Henry was violently startled by the eerie cry. . .
. . . and it took but one false step—
RAK KLAT KAK

—to instantly alert Barrymore to our presence.


He sprang off across the jagged tor, abandoning his goal in the face of discovery. .
CURSE ME, WATSON-- WE HAVE LOST HIM!
YES, BUT WE MAY STILL INVESTIGATE THE LIGHT-- AND PERHAPS LEARN WHAT HE CARRIED IN HIS POUCH...

A boulder of granite concealed our upward approach, and silently we stumbled through the darkness.
among the black loom of the craggy hills around us.

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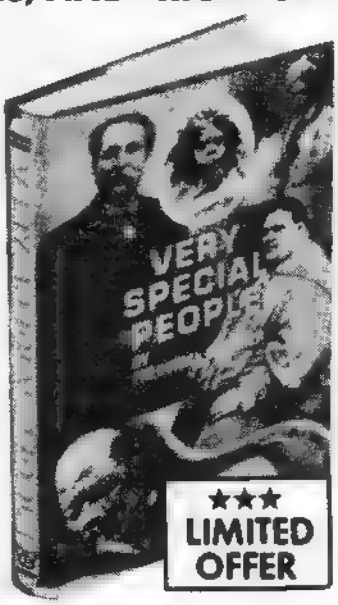

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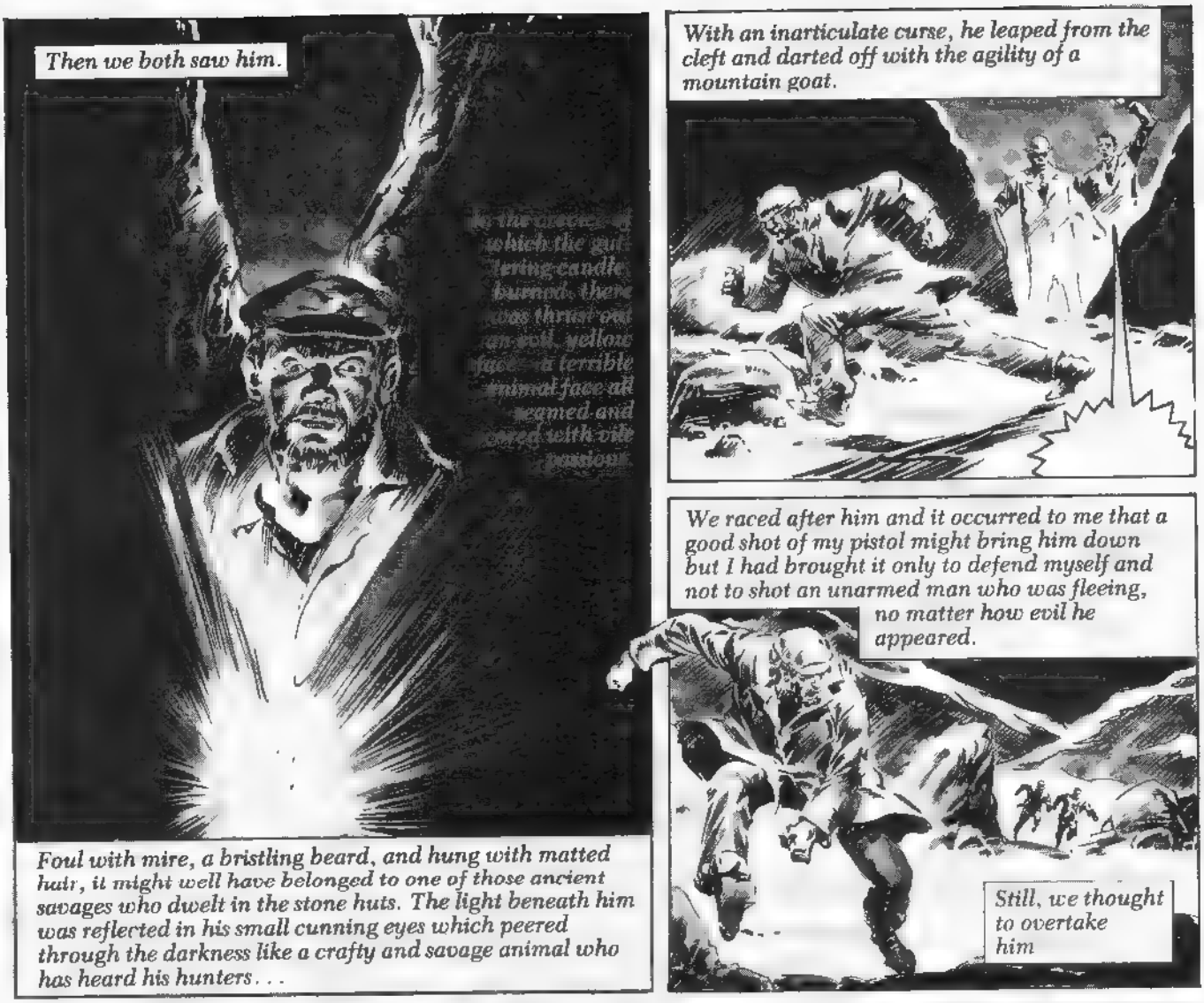

Then we both saw him.
In the crevice at which the guttering candle burned, there was thrust out an evil, yellow face... a terrible animal face all seamed and scored with vile passions.
Foul with mire, a bristling beard, and hung with matted hair, it might well have belonged to one of those ancient savages who dwelt in the stone huts. The light beneath him was reflected in his small cunning eyes which peered through the darkness like a crafty and savage animal who has heard his hunters...
With an inarticulate curse, he leaped from the cleft and darted off with the agility of a mountain goat.
We raced after him and it occurred to me that a good shot of my pistol might bring him down but I had brought it only to defend myself and not to shot an unarmed man who was fleeing, no matter how evil he appeared.
Still, we thought to overtake him
but were soon intercepted by Barrymore and his wife...
PLEASE, SIRS-- DO NOT HARM MY WIFE'S BROTHER. HE IS STARVING OUT HERE ON THE MOOR, AND WE COULD NOT LET HIM PERISH AT OUR VERY GATE.
MY LIGHT WAS A SIGNAL TO HIM THAT FOOD WAS READY-- AND HIS LIGHT, A BEACON TO GUIDE ME.
YOUR WIFE'S BROTHER--?!
YES, SIR-- THE ESCAPED CONVICT-- SELDEN.
I KNOW THE DEVIL HAS ENTERED HIM, AND THAT WICKED COMPANIONS HAVE LED HIM TO EVIL...
BUT TO ME, SIR HE WILL ALWAYS BE THE LITTLE CURLY-HEADED BOY THAT I HAD NURSED AND PLAYED WITH, AS ANY ELDER SISTER WOULD. THAT IS WHY HE BROKE PRISON-- BECAUSE HE KNEW I WAS HERE AND THAT I COULD NOT REFUSE TO HELP HIM.
The woman's words came with an intense earnestness of conviction
I ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT THERE IS NO PLOT AGAINST YOU, ONLY AN ATTEMPT TO DO WHAT WE MUST, KNOWING IT WOULD BE JUDGED WRONG.
I ASSURE YOU, TOO, THAT SELDEN ESCAPED ONLY AFTER YOUR UNCLE SIR CHARLES' DEATH.
VERY WELL-- GO ON BACK TO THE HALL. WE WILL SPEAK MORE ON THIS IN THE MORNING.

But as they turned to leave in their gloom of spirit—

LOOK--!!

There, on the jagged pinnacle of a tor and outlined as stark as an ebony statue against the sky, I saw the figure of a tall, thin man...

Do not think that it was a delusion, Holmes, for both Sir Henry and I saw it—and the figure could not have been Selden..

...for it was positioned far from the place where Selden had disappeared and was, besides, much taller than the convict.

In an instant, the figure was gone—and from the distance, there came another terrible cry...another howl.

I wished to venture in that direction and search the tor..

...but the eerie howling sound had unnerved Sir Henry to the point where I felt it foolish to risk any further danger.

A WARDER, WATSON--OR PERHAPS A SOLDIER. NOTHING MORE.

Still I was not so certain. And in any case, Holmes, you will hear from me again soon.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF DR. WATSON: I HAVE ARRIVED AT THE POINT IN MY NARRATIVE WHERE I AM COMPELLED TO ABANDON MY LETTERS TO HOLMES AND TRUST ONCE MORE TO MY RECOLLECTIONS, AIDED BY EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY...

OCTOBER 16th--A DULL AND FOGGY DAY BEGINNING WITH BARRYMORE ASKING LEAVE TO SPEAK WITH SIR HENRY...

I BEG YOU NOT TO HUNT DOWN POOR SELDEN, SIR HENRY--OR TO TELL THE POLICE OF HIS LOCATION.

I GIVE YOU MY SOLEMN WORD THAT HE WILL BOTHER NO ONE--AND THAT HE WILL SOON BE ON HIS WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA.

PERHAPS BARRYMORE IS RIGHT, SIR HENRY...

IF SELDEN WERE SAFELY OUT OF THE COUNTRY, IT WOULD RELIEVE THE ENGLISH TAXPAYER OF A TREMENDOUS BURDEN.

WELL... I SUPPOSE WE CAN KEEP OUR SILENCE, BARRYMORE..

GOD BLESS YOU, SIR! IT WOULD HAVE KILLED MY POOR WIFE HAD HE BEEN TAKEN AGAIN--!

YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND, SIR THAT I WISH TO TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT SIR CHARLES' DEATH--SOMETHING I DID NOT LEARN UNTIL WELL AFTER THE INQUEST.

HE WENT TO MEET SOMEONE AT THE GATE IN YEW ALLEY AT THE VERY HOUR OF HIS DEATH--A WOMAN, SIR.

I CANNOT GIVE YOU HER NAME, SIR-- JUST THE INITIALS. MY WIFE FOUND THIS BURNED LETTER IN THE FIREPLACE...
Please, please, as you are a gentleman, burn this letter, and be at the gate by ten o'clock
L. L.
GOOD LORD, BARRYMORE! WHY DID YOU NOT REVEAL THIS BEFORE--?!
WELL, SIR, MY WIFE AND I WERE BOTH SO FOND OF SIR CHARLES-- AND TO RAKE THIS UP COULD DO NO GOOD FOR OUR POOR MASTER. IT'S BEST TO BE DISCREET WHEN THERE'S A LADY IN THE CASE. EVEN THE BEST OF US--
YOU SOUGHT TO PROTECT SIR CHARLES' REPUTATION ?
YES, SIR-- AT FIRST. BUT NOW, I THINK IT BEST THAT YOU KNOW OF THE MATTER.
AND WHO DO YOU THINK THIS "L.L." MIGHT BE...?
I CAN THINK ONLY OF LAURA LYONS, SIR-- HER INITIALS ARE L.L. SHE IS FRANKLAND'S DAUGHTER, AND NOW LIVES IN COOMBE TRACEY. SHE MARRIED AN ARTIST NAMED LYONS WHO PROVED TO BE A BLACKGUARD AND DESERTED HER.
BARRYMORE FURTHER INFORMED US THAT BOTH STAPLETON AND SIR CHARLES HAD HELPED THIS LAURA LYONS TO FINANCE A SMALL TYPING SERVICE AFTER HER HUSBAND HAD LEFT HER-- AND AFTER HER FATHER, THE ECCENTRIC FRANKLAND, HAD SOMEWHAT CRUELLY DISOWNED HER.
I ARRANGED FOR PERKINS, SIR HENRY'S DRIVER, TO TAKE ME INTO COOMBE TRACEY.
...WHERE I LOCATED THE TYPING SERVICE WITH NO DIFFICULTY.
MRS. LYONS? I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KNOWING YOUR FATHER.
THERE IS NOTHING IN COMMON BETWEEN MY FATHER AND ME. WERE IT NOT FOR THE LATE SIR CHARLES BASKERVILLE AND SOME OTHERS--
--I MIGHT HAVE STARVED FOR ALL MY FATHER CARED.
IT IS ABOUT THE LATE SIR CHARLES -- AND YOUR CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIM THAT I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU.
HER CHEEKS FLUSHED INSTANTLY, AND THERE WAS SUSPICION IN HER FACE...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN--? WHAT IS YOUR OBJECT IN COMING HERE?
MY OBJECT IS TO LEARN WHY YOU ARRANGED TO MEET WITH SIR CHARLES ON THE NIGHT OF HIS DEATH.
THAT'S ABSURD. I MET SIR CHARLES ONLY ONCE OR TWICE-- WHEN HE ARRANGED TO HELP FINANCE MY BUSINESS HERE.
BUT HE WAS LARGELY A VERY RETIRING MAN, AND PREFERRED TO DO GOOD IN SECRECY.
MADAM, I HOPE TO AVOID A PUBLIC SCANDAL, BUT IF YOU PERSIST IN LYING, THEN THE QUESTIONS I WISH TO ASK HERE WILL BE ASKED IN A COURT OF LAW.
I HAVE SEEN A PORTION OF THE BURNED LETTER YOU WROTE TO HIM ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH.

I COULD SEE BY HER EYES THAT ALL RESISTANCE HAD CRUMBLED...
WHY DID YOU WISH TO SEE HIM AT SUCH AN HOUR?
I WANTED HIS HELP -- AND LEARNED THAT HE WAS LEAVING FOR LONDON THE FOLLOWING DAY.
BUT WHY MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN?
DO YOU THINK A WOMAN COULD GO TO A BACHELOR'S HOUSE AT THAT HOUR?
WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU GOT THERE?
I NEVER WENT! SOMETHING INTERVENED TO PREVENT MY GOING -- A PRIVATE MATTER -- BUT I SWEAR TO YOU, I NEVER WENT!
WHY DID YOU WISH THE LETTER BURNED?
I FEARED A FALSE CONCLUSION MIGHT BE DRAWN -- THAT I MIGHT BE INVOLVED IN A SCANDAL.
OH, PLEASE... IF YOU HAVE HEARD ANYTHING OF MY UNHAPPY HISTORY YOU WILL KNOW THAT MY LIFE HAS BEEN ONE INCESSANT PERSECUTION FROM A HUSBAND I ABHOR.
THE LAW IS ON HIS SIDE -- AND EVERY DAY I AM FACED WITH THE POSSIBILITY THAT I MAY BE FORCED TO LIVE WITH HIM AGAIN...
THE DAY I WROTE TO SIR CHARLES I HAD LEARNED THERE WAS A PROSPECT OF GAINING MY FREEDOM IF CERTAIN EXPENSES COULD BE MET...
IT MEANT EVERYTHING TO ME -- PEACE OF MIND, HAPPINESS, SELF-RESPECT -- AND SINCE I KNEW OF SIR CHARLES' GENEROSITY...
...I THOUGHT HE MIGHT HELP ME AGAIN...
HOWEVER, IN THE INTERVAL, I RECEIVED AID FROM ANOTHER SOURCE...
WHY, THEN, DID YOU NOT WRITE TO SIR CHARLES AND EXPLAIN THIS?
I WOULD HAVE -- HAD I NOT READ OF HIS DEATH IN THE PAPER NEXT MORNING...
HER WEEPING DISTURBED ME, AND SINCE I COULD LEARN NO MORE FROM HER...
...I LEFT, DETERMINED TO CHECK IF SHE HAD INDEED INSTITUTED DIVORCE PROCEEDINGS NEAR THE TIME OF THE TRAGEDY.
I MULLED OVER THE DEEPENING MYSTERY AS PERKINS DROVE ME BACK TOWARD BASKERVILLE HALL. WE PASSED LAFTER HALL, AND IT WAS THERE THAT A MAJOR PIECE OF THE PUZZLE BEGAN FITTING INTO PLACE. FRANKLAND BECKONED TO ME...
DR. WATSON -- COME HERE --!! I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!!

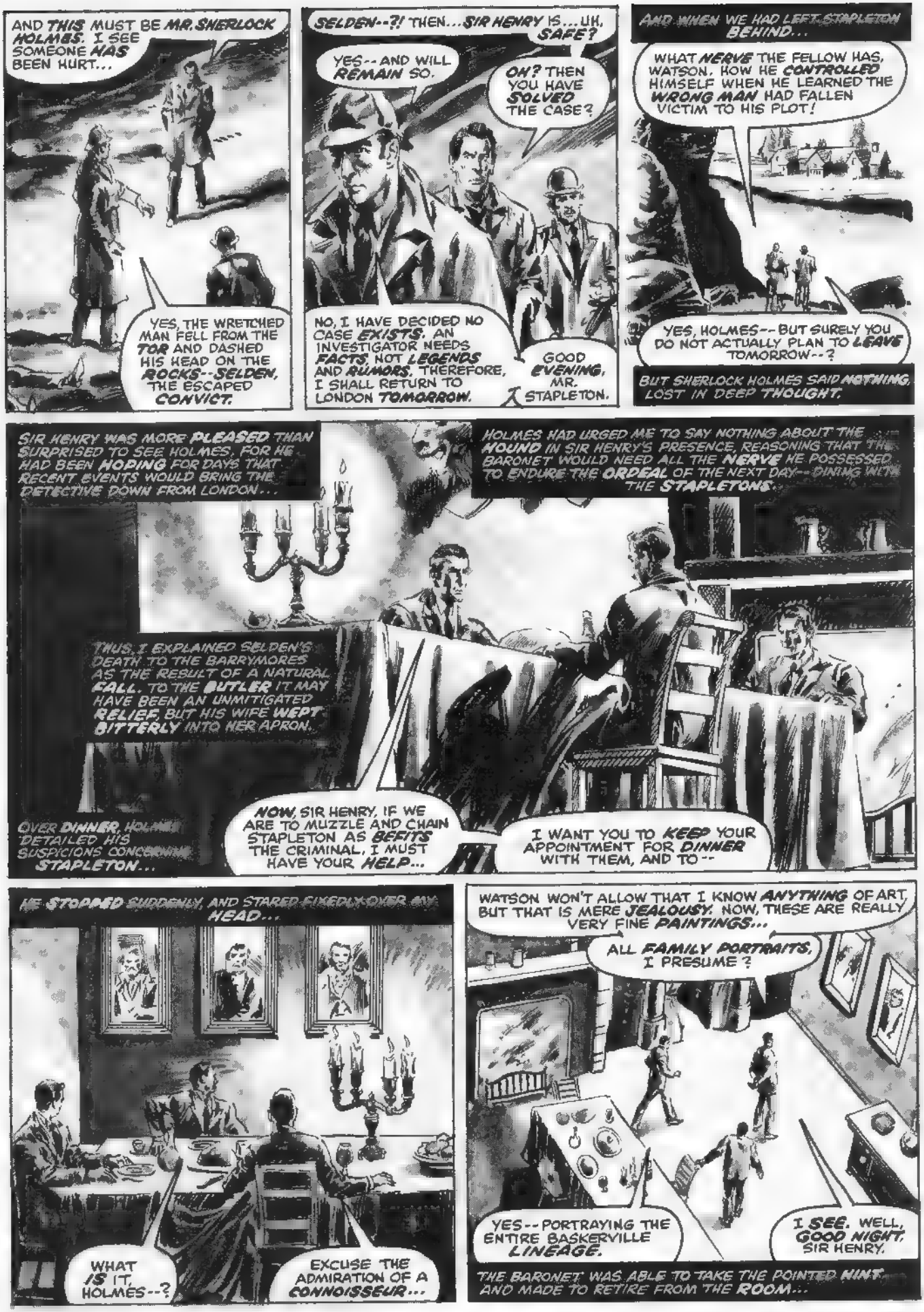
IT IS A RED-LETTER DAY FOR ME, DR. WATSON! I HAVE FOUND SELDEN--THE ESCAPED CONVICT!
HE IS HIDING IN ONE OF THE STONE HUTS OUT ON THE MOOR!
I KNOW THIS FOR A FACT BECAUSE I HAVE SEEN THE MESSENGER WHO TAKES HIM HIS FOOD! LOOK AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
I DID SO, EXPECTING TO SEE POOR BARRYMORE...
...BUT ASTONISHED TO SIGHT A SMALL BOY--UNDOUBTEDLY THE SON OF ONE OF THE FARMERS ON THE MOOR. BUT HOW COULD IT BE--?
BARRYMORE WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT SELDEN HIS FOOD... THEN WHOM WAS THIS BOY SERVING? WHO WAS DWELLING IN THE STONE HUT--?
AT ONCE I THOUGHT OF THE TALL, THIN FIGURE ON THE TOR...
WELL--? AM I NOT RIGHT--?!
UH, YES, MR. FRANKLAND--THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR BRINGING THIS TO MY ATTENTION.
PERKINS--DRIVE ME TO THE MOOR NEAR THE OLD STONE HUTS!
THEN GET BACK TO BASKERVILLE HALL JUST AS FAST AS YOU CAN--AND REMAIN AT SIR HENRY'S SIDE!
THE BOY HAD ALREADY LEFT BY THE TIME I REACHED AND ENTERED THE HUT. INSIDE, THERE WAS IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE THAT THE PLACE WAS INDEED BEING USED BY SOMEONE AS A DWELLING PLACE...
BUT IF IT WAS NOT SELDEN--THEN WHO?
WAS IT THE MAN WHO HAD FOLLOWED MORTIMER AND SIR HENRY IN THE CAB BACK IN LONDON...? THE SAME MAN WHO STOOD ATOP THE TOR...?

WITH A START I SAW THAT A PIECE OF PAPER WITH WRITING ON IT LAY ON THE CRUDE TABLE...
DR. WATSON HAS GONE TO COOMBE TRACEY.
THEN IT WAS I AND NOT SIR HENRY-- WHO WAS BEING SPIED ON...
OUTSIDE, THERE WAS THE CLINK OF A BOOT AGAINST STONE, AND THEN THE VOICE--
IT IS A LOVELY EVENING, MY DEAR WATSON...
WHAAAAT--?!!
I REALLY THINK YOU WILL BE MORE COMFORTABLE OUTSIDE THAN IN.
HOLMES--?!? GOOD LORD, MAN -- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!!
I HAVE BEEN HERE ALL ALONG, WATSON, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS.
NO DOUBT YOU SIGHTED ME THAT NIGHT ON THE TOR--WHEN I WAS SO CARELESS AS TO ALLOW THE MOON TO RISE BEHIND ME.
I SUPPOSE THE OLD GENTLEMAN WITH THE TELESCOPE LED YOU HERE TO MY HUT, BUT THAT IS IRRELEVANT RIGHT NOW.
TELL ME WHAT YOU LEARNED FROM MRS. LAURA LYONS, SINCE SHE IS THE ONLY PERSON YOU COULD HAVE VISITED IN COOMBE TRACEY...
ON SECOND THOUGHT, WATSON, NEVER MIND-- I CAN DEDUCE WHAT YOU HAVE LEARNED FROM HER. YOU ARE AWARE THAT A CLOSE INTIMACY EXISTS BETWEEN THIS WOMAN AND THE MAN STAPLETON...?
NO...I KNEW NOTHING OF ANY SUCH INTIMACY...
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT ABOUT THE MATTER-- THEY MEET AS LOVERS. NOW, IF WE COULD USE THIS INFORMATION TO DETACH HIS WIFE, SHE MAY BE OF SERVICE TO US...
HIS WIFE--?!!
YES, THE LADY WHO HAS MASQUERADED HERE AS STAPLETON'S SISTER IS IN REALITY HIS WIFE.
GOOD HEAVENS, HOLMES! ARE YOU SURE OF WHAT YOU SAY? HOW COULD HE HAVE PERMITTED SIR HENRY TO FALL IN LOVE WITH HER--?!
SIR HENRY'S FALLING IN LOVE COULD HARM NO ONE BUT HIMSELF. BESIDES, STAPLETON TOOK PARTICULAR CARE THAT SIR HENRY DID NOT MAKE LOVE TO HER, AS YOU HAVE YOURSELF OBSERVED.
OBVIOUSLY, STAPLETON FORESAW THAT HIS WIFE WOULD BE MUCH MORE USEFUL TO HIM IN THE CHARACTER OF A FREE WOMAN.
THEN IS STAPLETON OUR ENEMY-- HE WHO DOGGED US IN LONDON--?

YES, THAT IS HOW I READ THE RIDDLE--AND IT WAS BERYL, HIS WIFE, WHO SENT THE WARNING CLIPPED FROM THE LONDON TIMES.
AS FOR HOW I LEARNED ALL THIS... STAPLETON GAVE YOU ONE SMALL BIT OF HIS BIOGRAPHY WHICH IS TRUE, AND WHICH HE MUST REGRET SLIPPING. YOU SEE, IT IS VERY EASY TO TRACE A SCHOOLMASTER--EVEN UNDER A FALSE NAME--WHO IS ALSO A NATURALIST.
THEN YOU HAVE USED ME, HOLMES--AND YOU DO NOT YET TRUST ME! I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT I DESERVED BETTER AT YOUR HANDS...
MY DEAR FELLOW, YOU HAVE BEEN INVALUABLE TO ME...
I HAVE HAD EVERY ONE OF YOUR LETTERS AND REPORTS FORWARDED TO ME FROM LONDON WITH BUT A SINGLE DAY'S DELAY. SURELY YOU MUST SEE THAT I AM MORE EFFECTIVE IN THIS CASE AS AN UNKNOWN FACTOR...
READY TO THROW IN MY FULL WEIGHT AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT--AND WITH THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE.
AS FOR WHY I KEPT YOU IN THE DARK, YOUR KNOWING COULD NOT HAVE POSSIBLY HELPED THE SITUATION--AND MIGHT HAVE INADVERTENTLY LED TO MY DISCOVERY. BESIDES, I BROUGHT THE YOUNG LAD CARTWRIGHT TO ASSIST ME AS YOU OTHERWISE WOULD HAVE.
BUT NOW, OUR RESEARCHES HAVE EVIDENTLY BEEN RUNNING PARALLEL--AND WHEN WE UNITE OUR RESULTS, WE SHALL HAVE A FAIRLY FULL KNOWLEDGE OF THE CASE.
WELL, I AM GLAD YOU'RE HERE, HOLMES, SINCE--
A TERRIBLE SCREAM--A PROLONGED BELLOW OF HORROR AND ANGUISH--BURST OUT OF THE SILENCE OF THE MOOR. THE FRIGHTFUL CRY FILLED MY VEINS WITH ICE...
COME, WATSON--BEFORE WE ARE TOO LATE!
AND DO NOT HESITATE TO USE YOUR REVOLVER--!
HOLMES RAN SWIFTLY OVER THE NOW DARKENING MOOR, WITH I AT HIS HEELS...
THEN A NEW SOUND MINGLED WITH THE SCREAM--A DEEP, MUTTERED RUMBLE, MUSICAL AND YET MENACING, RISING AND FALLING LIKE THE LOW CONSTANT GROWL OF THE SEA...

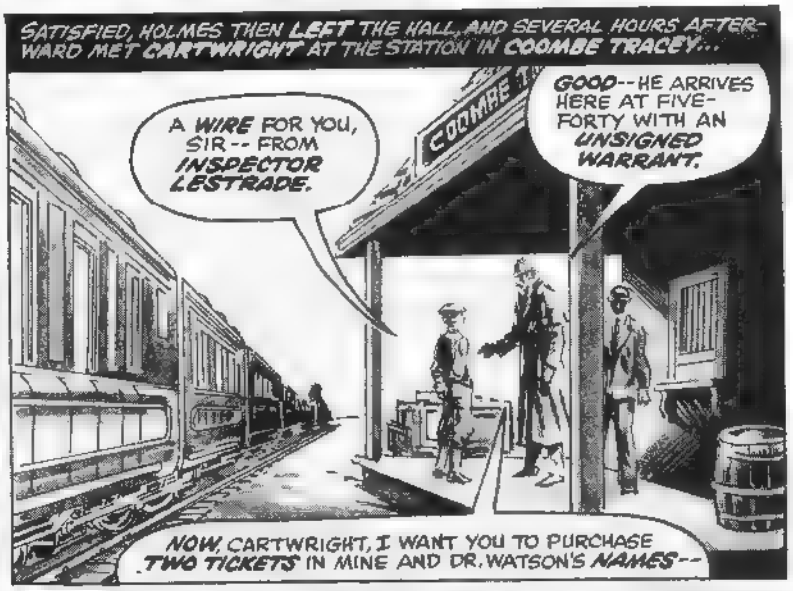
THE HOUND--! COME, WATSON, COME--!
THERE WERE SNARLS AND SHRIEKS-- A TERRIBLE GRIM TABLEAU SMOTHERED IN DARK SILHOUETTE-- AS ONE SHADOW SEPARATED FROM ANOTHER--
AND JOINED A THIRD.
HOLMES YELPED IN RAGE AND DISMAY...
NO--WE ARE TOO LATE!!
DAMN ME FOR HOLDING BACK-- I SHOULD HAVE STOPPED STAPLETON AT ONCE!
AND YOU, WATSON-- SEE WHAT COMES OF ABANDONING YOUR CHARGE!
I TOLD YOU NEVER TO LEAVE SIR HENRY ALONE--!
BUT BY HEAVEN, IF THE WORST HAS HAPPENED-- WE'LL AVENGE HIM!!
THE FIEND! THE BLOODY FIEND--!!
HOLMES, I SHALL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF FOR HAVING LEFT SIR HENRY TO HIS HIDEOUS FATE--!
HOLMES UTTERED AN EXCLAMATION OF HORROR AS THE MOON SHONE UPON A SCENE WHICH TURNED OUR HEARTS SICK AND FAINT WITHIN US-- THE BODY OF SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE, HIS SKULL CRUSHED IN A POOL OF WIDENING BLOOD!
MY GOD, HOLMES, THAT WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD HIS SCREAMS-- LORD, THOSE AWFUL SCREAMS!-- AND STILL BEEN UNABLE TO SAVE HIM--!
BUT WHERE IS THIS BRUTE OF A HOUND WHICH DROVE HIM TO HIS DEATH-- AND STAPLETON, WHERE IS HE--? HE SHALL ANSWER FOR THIS DEED!
INDEED HE SHALL, WATSON-- I WILL USE ALL THE POWERS AT MY COMMAND TO SEE TO THAT!

COME, HOLMES, WE CANNOT CARRY THE BODY BACK BY OURSELVES-- BUT LET US AT LEAST ARREST STAPLETON AT ONCE--!
NO, WATSON, NOT YET. WE MUST FIRST PROVE A CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MAN AND THE BEAST.
AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, WE HAVE NO GROUNDS ON WHICH TO ARREST THE MAN-- AS THE CASE NOW STANDS, THERE IS A COMPLETE ABSENCE OF MOTIVE SO FAR AS STAPLETON IS CONCERNED...
THE FELLOW IS WARY AND CUNNING TO THE LAST DEGREE, WATSON.
IT IS NOT WHAT WE KNOW WHICH MATTERS HERE, BUT WHAT WE CAN PROVE. ONE FALSE MOVE ON OUR PARTS AND THE VILLAIN MAY ESCAPE US YET.
BUT I SWEAR BY EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR IN THIS LIFE, STAPLETON SHALL BE IN MY POWER BEFORE ANOTHER DAY IS PAST!
EVEN SO, I STILL CANNOT COME TO BELIEVE THAT--
HOLMES-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MAN?!
A BEARD-- THE MAN HAS A BEARD, WATSON!
THERE WAS A TONE OF JUBILANCE IN HOLMES' VOICE... WHICH SHOCKED ME. WITH FEVERISH HASTE, HE TURNED THE BODY OVER--
--REVEALING THAT UNMISTAKABLE FACE WITH THE BEETLING BROWS, THE SUNKEN EYES, AND BRISTLING BEARD...
GOOD LORD, IT'S SELDEN-- AND NOT SIR HENRY!!
YES, SELDEN-- DRESSED IN A FULL SUIT OF SIR HENRY'S CLOTHES, NO DOUBT PROVIDED BY BARRYMORE...
SUDDENLY, THERE CAME A SOUND FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND US...
HALLOA, WATSON -- WHAT'S THIS?
WHY IT'S THE MAN HIMSELF, BY ALL THAT'S WONDERFUL AND AUDACIOUS!
NOT A WORD TO SHOW YOUR SUSPICIONS, WATSON -- OR MY PLANS CRUMBLE.
WATSON-- IS THAT YOU?! I HEARD SOME SCREAMS...
HAS SOMEBODY BEEN HURT--?


AND THIS MUST BE MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES. I SEE SOMEONE HAS BEEN HURT...
YES, THE WRETCHED MAN FELL FROM THE TOR AND DASHED HIS HEAD ON THE ROCKS--SELDEN, THE ESCAPED CONVICT.
SELDEN--?! THEN...SIR HENRY IS...UH, SAFE?
YES--AND WILL REMAIN SO.
OH? THEN YOU HAVE SOLVED THE CASE?
NO, I HAVE DECIDED NO CASE EXISTS. AN INVESTIGATOR NEEDS FACTS, NOT LEGENDS AND RUMORS. THEREFORE, I SHALL RETURN TO LONDON TOMORROW.
GOOD EVENING, MR. STAPLETON.
AND WHEN WE HAD LEFT STAPLETON BEHIND...
WHAT NERVE THE FELLOW HAS, WATSON. HOW HE CONTROLLED HIMSELF WHEN HE LEARNED THE WRONG MAN HAD FALLEN VICTIM TO HIS PLOT!
YES, HOLMES--BUT SURELY YOU DO NOT ACTUALLY PLAN TO LEAVE TOMORROW--?
BUT SHERLOCK HOLMES SAID NOTHING, LOST IN DEEP THOUGHT.
SIR HENRY WAS MORE PLEASED THAN SURPRISED TO SEE HOLMES, FOR HE HAD BEEN HOPING FOR DAYS THAT RECENT EVENTS WOULD BRING THE DETECTIVE DOWN FROM LONDON...
HOLMES HAD URGED ME TO SAY NOTHING ABOUT THE HOUND IN SIR HENRY'S PRESENCE, REASONING THAT THE BARONET WOULD NEED ALL THE NERVE HE POSSESSED TO ENDURE THE ORDEAL OF THE NEXT DAY--DINING WITH THE STAPLETONS.
THUS, I EXPLAINED SELDEN'S DEATH TO THE BARRYMORES AS THE RESULT OF A NATURAL FALL. TO THE BUTLER IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN UNMITIGATED RELIEF, BUT HIS WIFE WEPT BITTERLY INTO HER APRON.
OVER DINNER, HOLMES DETAILED HIS SUSPICIONS CONCERNING STAPLETON...
NOW, SIR HENRY, IF WE ARE TO MUZZLE AND CHAIN STAPLETON AS BEFITS THE CRIMINAL, I MUST HAVE YOUR HELP...
I WANT YOU TO KEEP YOUR APPOINTMENT FOR DINNER WITH THEM, AND TO--
HE STOPPED SUDDENLY, AND STARED FIXEDLY OVER MY HEAD...
WHAT IS IT, HOLMES--?
EXCUSE THE ADMIRATION OF A CONNOISSEUR...
WATSON WON'T ALLOW THAT I KNOW ANYTHING OF ART, BUT THAT IS MERE JEALOUSY. NOW, THESE ARE REALLY VERY FINE PAINTINGS...
ALL FAMILY PORTRAITS, I PRESUME?
YES--PORTRAYING THE ENTIRE BASKERVILLE LINEAGE.
I SEE. WELL, GOOD NIGHT, SIR HENRY.
THE BARONET WAS ABLE TO TAKE THE POINTED HINT AND MADE TO RETIRE FROM THE ROOM...

AND WHEN HE HAD GONE...
IN THIS FACE OF THE ELDER SIR HUGO BASKERVILLE, I SEE THE LAST PIECE TO OUR PUZZLE, WATSON-- STAPLETON'S MOTIVE.
A VERY SIMPLE MOTIVE, TOO-- SUCCESSION TO THE HEIR, AND INHERITANCE OF THIS HALL AND ALL ITS FORTUNE.
YES, A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF A THROW-BACK. A STUDY OF FAMILY PORTRAITS IS ENOUGH TO CONVERT A MAN TO THE DOCTRINE OF REINCARNATION...
BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HOLMES--?
STUDY THE PORTRAIT NOW, MY DEAR WATSON.
GOOD HEAVENS! THE RESEMBLANCE IS IDENTICAL!
PRECISELY. STAPLETON IS ACTUALLY A BASKERVILLE-- PROBABLY THE SON OF EVIL RODGER BASKERVILLE, WHO WAS DISINHERITED.

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HOLMES WAS UP AND ABOUT BEFORE ANY OF US, SETTING HIS "NETS" AND ARRANGING FOR THE CATCH. I DARE SAY SIR HENRY WAS SOMEWHAT DISMAYED WHEN HOLMES BADE HIS FAREWELL...
I FEAR WATSON AND I MUST GO TO LONDON, SIR HENRY-- AND I ASK THAT YOU TRUST ME NOT TO QUESTION WHY.
GO TO THE STAPLETONS FOR DINNER TONIGHT-- AND WALK HOME ACROSS THE MOOR... ALONE.
WALK ACROSS THE--?!
YES.
WILL YOU DO THIS?
IT GOES AGAINST EVERY-THING YOU HAVE CAUTIONED IN THE PAST-- AND SEEMS MADNESS TO TEMPT DEATH-- BUT IF YOU WISH IT, I WILL FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS BLINDLY.


SATISFIED, HOLMES THEN LEFT THE HALL, AND SEVERAL HOURS AFTER-WARD MET CARTWRIGHT AT THE STATION IN COOMBE TRACEY...
COOMBE
A WIRE FOR YOU, SIR-- FROM INSPECTOR LESTRADE.
GOOD--HE ARRIVES HERE AT FIVE-FORTY WITH AN UNSIGNED WARRANT.
NOW, CARTWRIGHT, I WANT YOU TO PURCHASE TWO TICKETS IN MINE AND DR. WATSON'S NAMES--

--AND TAKE THIS TRAIN INTO LONDON.
YES, SIR.
ONCE YOU HAVE ARRIVED, YOU WILL SEND A WIRE TO SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE IN MY NAME, SAYING THAT IF HE FINDS THE PIPE I HAVE LEFT BEHIND HE SHOULD SEND IT BY REGISTERED POST TO BAKER STREET.
NOW, WATSON, WHILE AWAITING LESTRADE, I THINK WE SHOULD CALL UPON MRS. LAURA LYONS.

wear bruce lee

m4

m2

m6

m3

m5

a dynamite gift will never fade

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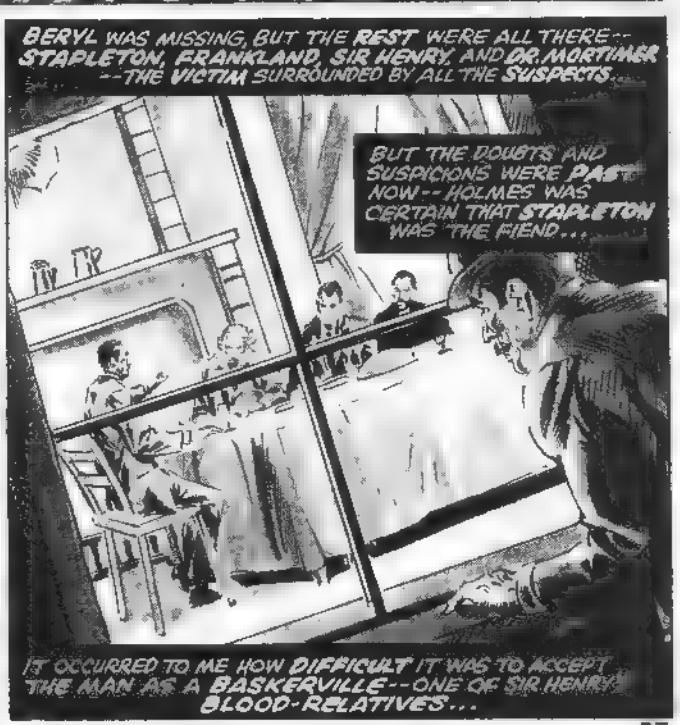
HOLMES OPENED HIS INTERVIEW WITH MRS. LYONS IN A FRANKNESS AND DIRECTNESS WHICH SHOCKED HER.
WE REGARD THIS CASE AS A MURDER, MRS. LYONS--
--AND THE EVIDENCE MAY IMPLICATE NOT ONLY YOUR FRIEND, MR. STAPLETON, BUT HIS WIFE AS WELL.
HIS WIFE--?!
THE FACT IS NO LONGER A SECRET. THE PERSON WHO HAS PASSED FOR HIS SISTER IS REALLY HIS WIFE.
BUT THE MAN HAD OFFERED ME MARRIAGE IF I COULD GET A DIVORCE FROM MY HUSBAND. HE IS A VILLAIN, MR. HOLMES-- HE HAS LIED TO ME IN EVERY CONCEIVABLE WAY.
I NOW SEE THAT I WAS NEVER ANYTHING BUT A TOOL IN HIS HANDS-- AND WHY SHOULD I KEEP FAITH WITH HIM IF HE NEVER KEPT ANY WITH ME?
I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING-- BUT ONE THING I SWEAR... I NEVER DREAMED ANY HARM WOULD COME TO SIR CHARLES.
I BELIEVE YOU, MADAM. THE SENDING OF THAT LETTER WAS SUGGESTED TO YOU BY STAPLETON?
HE DICTATED IT.
AND I PRESUME THE REASON HE GAVE WAS THAT YOU WOULD RECEIVE HELP FROM SIR CHARLES FOR THE LEGAL EXPENSES CONNECTED WITH YOUR DIVORCE.
AND THEN AFTER YOU HAD SENT THE LETTER HE DISSUADED YOU FROM KEEPING THE APPOINTMENT THAT NIGHT, THEREBY LEAVING SIR CHARLES ALONE AND VULNERABLE IN THE YEW ALLEY.
YES, HE SAID IT WOULD HURT HIS SELF-RESPECT IF ANY OTHER MAN HELPED ME...
...AND THAT HE HIMSELF WOULD DEVOTE HIS LAST PENNY TO REMOVING THE OBSTACLES BETWEEN US...
AND THEN HE MADE YOU SWEAR TO SILENCE ABOUT YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH SIR CHARLES?
YES, HE SAID THE DEATH WAS A MYSTERIOUS ONE AND THAT I WOULD BE IMPLICATED IF I SPOKE OUT. HE FRIGHTENED ME INTO SILENCE...
I SEE. YOU ARE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE, MRS. LYONS.
GOODBYE.
THE LONDON EXPRESS CAME ROARING INTO THE STATION AND A SMALL, WIRY BULLDOG OF A MAN SPRANG FROM A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE...
ANYTHING GOOD, HOLMES?
THE BIGGEST THING IN YEARS, LESTRADE.
OH? AND WHAT'S THE GAME?
A WAITING GAME -- FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS.
I THINK WE MIGHT EMPLOY THE TIME BY GETTING SOME DINNER -- AND THEN, LESTRADE, WE WILL TAKE THE LONDON FOG OUT OF YOUR THROAT BY GIVING YOU A BREATH OF THE PURE NIGHT AIR OF DARTMOOR.
NEVER BEEN THERE?
AH, WELL, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WILL FORGET YOUR FIRST VISIT.

THE HELL-HOUND STRIKES

TWO HOURS LATER, OUR WAGONETTE RACKETED ACROSS THE MOOR WELL ON THE WAY TO STAPLETON'S MERRIPIT HOUSE...
NO DOUBT, WATSON, YOU HAVE BY NOW DEDUCED THE MYSTERY BEHIND SIR HENRY'S STOLEN BOOTS? ESPECIALLY SINCE SELDEN WAS MURDERED BY THE HOUND WHILST WEARING SIR HENRY'S CLOTHES...?
OF COURSE! THE SCENT-- THE HOUND HAS BEEN TRAINED TO FOLLOW SIR HENRY'S SCENT..!
PRECISELY, AND WHEN STAPLETON REALIZED HE HAD STOLEN A NEW BOOT WHICH HAD NEVER BEEN WORN--
--HE HAD TO STEAL ANOTHER-- OLD-- BOOT, ONE WHICH CARRIED SIR HENRY'S SCENT.
ARE YOU ARMED, LESTRADE?
AS LONG AS I HAVE MY TROUSERS, I HAVE MY HIP-POCKET-- AND AS LONG AS I HAVE MY HIP-POCKET, I HAVE SOMETHING IN IT.
GOOD. WATSON AND I ARE ALSO READY FOR EMERGENCIES.

LIGHTS TWINKLED FROM THE GLOOM AHEAD...
THAT IS MERRIPIT HOUSE-- AND THE END OF OUR JOURNEY. WE MUST REMAIN VERY QUIET NOW...
WATSON KNOWS THE LAY OF THE HOUSE BEST-- HE WILL CREEP FORWARD TO LEARN WHAT'S UP...

I COULD SEE THAT THE DINING ROOM WINDOW WAS UNCURTAINED...
...AND STOLE SILENTLY TOWARD IT, STAYING IN THE SHADOWS AS BEST I COULD.


BERYL WAS MISSING, BUT THE REST WERE ALL THERE-- STAPLETON, FRANKLAND, SIR HENRY, AND DR. MORTIMER --THE VICTIM SURROUNDED BY ALL THE SUSPECTS...
BUT THE DOUBTS AND SUSPICIONS WERE PAST NOW-- HOLMES WAS CERTAIN THAT STAPLETON WAS THE FIEND...
IT OCCURRED TO ME HOW DIFFICULT IT WAS TO ACCEPT THE MAN AS A BASKERVILLE-- ONE OF SIR HENRY'S BLOOD-RELATIVES...

AS I WATCHED, STAPLETON ROSE AND LEFT THE ROOM...
SHORTLY, I HEARD THE CREAK OF THE OUTSIDE DOOR AND THE SOUND OF BOOTS CRUNCHING GRAVEL. I DECIDED TO EDGE AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND SEE WHAT STAPLETON WAS UP TO...
AFTER DOING SO--AND AFTER STAPLETON HAD RETURNED TO THE DINNER PARTY--I CREPT BACK TO HOLMES AND LESTRADE...
HE WENT TO THE OUTSIDE SHED, HOLMES, AND THEN RETURNED CARRYING SOME SMALL OBJECT--I THINK IT WAS SIR HENRY'S BOOT...!
THEN IT IS TIME FOR ME TO ASSUME MY POST. YOU WILL REMAIN IN THE WAGONETTE--AND PRAY FOR ME THAT THIS CURSED FOG DOES NOT RUIN MY PLAN.
OVER THE GREAT GRIMPEN MIRE THERE HUNG A DENSE WHITE FOG WHICH DRIFTED SLOWLY IN HOLMES' DIRECTION. THE MOON SHONE UPON IT, AND IT LOOKED LIKE A VAST SHIMMERING SEA OF ROILING PHANTASMAGORIA...
HOLMES HAD STATIONED HIMSELF ON THE PATH THROUGH THE MOOR WHICH SIR HENRY MUST TAKE TO REACH BASKERVILLE HALL. THE EXPRESSION I SAW ON MY FRIEND'S FACE HAD NEVER BEFORE BEEN SO INTENT, SO URGENT, OR SO DETERMINED...
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR PASSED BEFORE A FIGURE BURST FROM THE BANK OF WHITE WOOLY FOG...
IT WAS SIR HENRY, A MAN OBVIOUSLY ILL AT EASE AND NEVER SUSPECTING THE CLOSE PRESENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES...
HE PASSED ONWARD, QUICKLY OCCASIONALLY GLANCING OVER HIS SHOULDER...
...AND ENTERED ANOTHER GHOSTLY BANK OF FOG.
SUDDENLY, A LOW GROWL RIPPED FROM THE VAPOR-SHROUDED GLOOM. IT WAS A HOUND--AN ENORMOUS, COAL-BLACK HOUND SUCH AS MORTAL EYES HAVE NEVER SEEN...
URRR
FIRE BURST FROM ITS OPEN MOUTH; ITS EYES GLOWED WITH A SMOLDERING GLARE; AND ITS MUZZLE AND HACKLES WERE OUTLINED IN FLICKERING FLAME. NEVER IN A DELIRIOUS DREAM COULD ANYTHING MORE SAVAGE, MORE APPALLING, MORE HELLISH BE CONCEIVED THAN THAT DARK APPARITION BREAKING FROM A WALL OF FOG...

WITH LONG BOUNDS THE HUGE BLACK CREATURE LEAPED DOWN THE TOR...
HOLMES BOLTED INTO ACTION IMMEDIATELY.
BLAM
NEVER HAVE I SEEN A MAN RUN AS HOLMES RAN THAT NIGHT--
--AIRING HIS PISTOL WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE.
SPANG
THERE REMAINED BUT ONE MORE LEAP BEFORE THE HIDEOUS BEAST CLOSED WITH SIR HENRY...
DOWN, BASKERVILLE--!!
WH-WHAT--?!!
DOWN--IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!!
RARRR
OH, MY GOD--
NOOOO

HOLMES SLAMMED INTO THE GHOSTLY BEAST INSTANTS BEFORE IT COLLIDED WITH SIR HENRY...
WHUMP
...AND MY HEART THREATENED TO BURST... AS I WATCHED THE TWO GRAPPLE IN FURIOUS STRUGGLE, WITH THE HOUND'S MASSIVE JAWS SNAPPING SAVAGELY AT MY FRIEND'S THROAT...
ROARRR
ABRUPTLY, HOLMES THREW HIMSELF UPON HIS BACK...
CHUD
...KICKED UPWARD...
...AND EMPTIED FIVE CHAMBERS OF HIS REVOLVER INTO THE BEAST'S HEAD AND FLANK...
BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM
THERE WAS A LAST HOWL OF AGONY...

--AND THE GREAT GHOSTLY HOUND LAY DEAD.
A HYBRID OF BLOODHOUND AND MASTIFF--THE BASKERVILLE FAMILY GHOST, NOW LAID TO REST.
HOLMES--! GOOD LORD, MAN--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!!
PERFECTLY WELL, MY DEAR WATSON--AND I TRUST SIR HENRY IS NO MORE THAN SLIGHTLY SHAKEN.
HMMM... THE BEAST HAS BEEN SMEARED WITH SOME PHOSPHORESCENT SUBSTANCE TO ACHIEVE THE GHOSTLY, GLOWING APPEARANCE...
BARIUM SULPHIDE, I WOULD GUESS--AND A CUNNING PREPARATION OF IT...
...WITH NO ODOR TO INTERFERE WITH THE HOUND'S POWER OF SCENT.
BUT NOW THAT WE HAVE THE HOUND, WE MUST STILL GET OUR MAN--!
HOLMES DASHED OFF FOR MERRIPIT HOUSE...
HE SAID LATER THAT HE FOUND THE HOUSE EMPTY, AND STAPLETON GONE--
--BUT THAT HE HEARD MOANS FROM AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM.
IT WAS BERYL STAPLETON, TIED TO A POST, HER CLOTHING TORN AND HER FLESH SCARRED WITH THE MARKS OF A WHIP...
QUICKLY MR. HOLMES--FREE ME AND I SHALL HELP YOU BEFORE HE ESCAPES!
WAK!
I WANTED TO WARN SIR HENRY EARLIER, BUT HE LEARNED MY INTENTIONS AND IMPRISONED ME--!
HE KEEPS THE HOUND SHACKLED IN AN ABANDONED MINE BEYOND THE GRIMPEN MIRE...!
HURRY--AND I WILL GUIDE YOU TO IT!
FRANTICALLY, WE RACED THROUGH THE BOG UNTIL BERYL STAPLETON POINTED TO AN ABANDONED MINE-SHAFT...
IN THERE, MR. HOLMES--!
CAPTURE HIM--AND SEE THAT HE IS PUNISHED FOR ALL HIS EVIL...!
YOU'VE BETRAYED ME, BERYL--LIKE THE FICKLE HARLOT YOU ARE!
BUT YOU'LL NEITHER BETRAY NOR LOVE ANYONE AGAIN--!!

I'LL KILL YOU, BERYL -- AND YOU TOO, HOLMES !!
BLAM
DOWN, MADAM -- BEHIND THE ROCKS!
STOP, MAN --! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE RUNNING --!
YOU'LL FALL INTO THE MIRE --!!
DO YOU HEAR ME --? YOU'LL SINK IN THE --
NOOO --!!
SPLUTCH
YOUR HAND, STAPLETON!
REACH OUT YOUR HAND BEFORE THE MIRE SUCKS YOU DOWN --!
GET AWAY FROM ME, HOLMES! REACH OUT YOUR HAND AND I'LL PULL YOU UNDER WITH ME --!
I SWEAR IT! I'LL KILL YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I ---
BUT STAPLETON UTTERED NO MORE, HAVING SAID HIS LAST WORDS IN THE THROES OF SUPREME MADNESS.
THE MIRE PULLED HIM DOWN...
...AND BURIED HIM FOREVER.
THE MOOR WAS MORE CHEERFUL THE NEXT MORNING, AS SHERLOCK HOLMES AND I BADE FAREWELL TO TWO FRIENDS...
WON'T YOU RECONSIDER MR. HOLMES, AND STAY WITH BERYL AND ME -- FOR A VISIT UNDER MORE PLEASANT CIRCUMSTANCES...?
THANK YOU, BUT NO SIR HENRY. THERE ARE A NUMBER OF URGENT PROBLEMS AWAITING ME IN LONDON...
...AND I'M SURE WATSON IS ALSO EAGER TO RETURN TO BAKER STREET -- TO SET DOWN HIS MEMOIRS OF THIS SINGULAR CASE.
I SAID IT IN LONDON, WATSON, AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN NOW -- NEVER HAVE WE HUNTED DOWN A MORE DANGEROUS MAN THAN HE WHO IS LYING YONDER...
AND THE GREAT DETECTIVE'S EYES FLASHED ACROSS THE HUGE MOTTLED EXPANSE OF GREEN-SPLOTCHED BOG WHICH STRETCHED AWAY UNTIL IT MERGED INTO THE RUSSET SLOPES OF THE MOOR.
FIN

NEXT ISSUE

FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS NOVEL THAT SPAWNED THE MODERN-DAY SUPER-HERO...

TITAN

AN ADAPTATION OF PHILIP WYLIE'S "GLADIATOR" BY ROY THOMAS & RICH BUCKLER

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Ad Council

To say the first part of our "Sherlock Holmes" try-out (MARVEL PREVIEW #5) was a hit with the readers would seem to be putting it mildly. Believe it or not, we had to make a vast effort to find anyone who said *anything* critical about Marvel's version of the master sleuth. (Not that we're *unhappy* about this situation; we're just a wee bit *surprised* that the old "can't-please everybody-all-of-the-time" bit didn't hold true in this case!)

Dear Stan,

I'm a Sherlock Holmes purest, you might say. I read all of the stories nearly 30 years ago. The first contact I had with Holmes in comics was in Gilberton's Classics. Their effort was crude in that they scripted downward to the readers whom they most likely assumed were all kids. However, their effort did capture Conan Doyle's flavor. Gilberton did "Hound" "Scarlet" and "Four" with Zansky as illustrator. His Holmes and Watson looked the parts. A later Gilberton effort on a re-do of "Scarlet" and "Speckled Band", though scripted better, missed the Sherlockian mood. More recently, National attempted a Sherlock comic which actually had fine artwork—but, it was Sherlock Holmes in name only. The protagonist, for the most part, didn't resemble Doyle's concept: neither in story nor pictures.

Now we come to Stan and the gang. What can I say. You know what you've done. Whether *your* Sherlock is a success or not, of course, will depend on the buyers. Let me say for my part this is the finest comic magazine ever published. Continued stories; so what? The originals were serials in the Strand magazine. Much was to be said for your explanations in "The Game is Afoot" The script is intelligent and upward to the reader. The art is exactly what Doyle himself would have described. My only complaint is the cover art. Ken Barr is a fine artist, but his is more suitable to other moods. Artists whose style at Holmes and that do covers are Mike Kaluta, Bernie Wrightson, your own Val Mayerik, Neal Adams, and what a coup it would be to see Frazetta's interpretation of the master detective. I understand your using "Hound" for starters as this is probably the most adaptable as well as the best known of the Holmes stories. Any would have been acceptable to me just to see such an effort come to light—but, purest that I am, I would have liked to have seen "Scarlet" first. Some will say Holmes is boring. Not so. There's more here than just pictures. The build-up to the stories with the deductions are literary excitement at it's best and the stories hold my interest as few others have. Thanking the bullpen for an endeavor in Genius. Once again—the finest comic book ever done.

Ed Lafumara
Indianapolis, IN

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading MARVEL PREVIEW'S "Sherlock Holmes" issue, and I should like to address a few comments about your magazine in this letter.

First of all, I should like to thank you for this fine version of "THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES." I had heard this summer from various Sherlockian circles that Marvel was planning a Sherlock Holmes "comic", but then I later heard that the project had been abandoned much to my dismay. Therefore, it was with great pleasure that I found the MARVEL PREVIEW issue at the newsstand today.

I believe that my highest compliment for this issue should be addressed to those persons responsible for the story content. I was very pleased indeed to see that you have adhered to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's story without inane embellishments that I have seen in other "comic-book" versions of the Sacred Writings. For example, in National's ill-fated Sherlock Holmes comic-book which lasted for but one issue, Holmes was made a Batman-esque figure in terms of fisticuffs and cliched admonitions. It was gratifying to observe that Marvel's version is very true to the original story.

The artwork in MARVEL PREVIEW'S issue is also quite good, though I have but one complaint that the clothing given to the characters does not seem Victorian in nature, and poor Dr. Watson does look a bit crumpled and dishevelled. Conversely, the depictions of the moors, Baskerville Hall, and the rooms at 2213 are very well done indeed, and emit that eerie, mysterious quality which we Sherlockians love so well in our favourite stories. The colour cover is especially impressive, and plaudits should go to Ken Barr for a very atmospheric depiction of the "Hound of Hell" and Sherlock Holmes.

So, all in all, I find MARVEL PREVIEW'S "Sherlock Holmes" to be an excellent magazine, and I know that I and many other Sherlockians will be looking forward to the next issue and wish you every success with this new venture. Best wishes to all of you, and I am, sirs,

Yours faithfully,
Bruce R. Beaman
Stevens Point, Wisc.

Dear Archie:

I wouldn't want to say that MARVEL PREVIEW Featuring "Sherlock Holmes" was error-ridden, but there are some bothersome points. The first is the quarters at Baker Street. Val Mayerik was faithful to very little of the replica of Holmes' flat that appear on the back of "The Complete Sherlock Holmes." He used just enough of it to convince me he gave it a passing glance. The opulent clutter that characterizes rooms of the Victorian Era is completely absent in the Mayerik depiction, which has all the cozy intimacy of a train station.

Mayerik portrayed Sir Charles as a handsome young man, when in fact the narrative states that he was old and in poor health! I chalk it up to typical Marvel carelessness, I guess, but I'm surprised it was allowed to pass.

I think Doug Moench's only blunder was when he had Dr. Mortimer say "No marks could show on the path" when he should have said ".. .on the GRASS!"

Otherwise, I was impressed by the lengthiness, the detail, and the general faithfulness to the novel that Moench's script displayed. Had a better choice of artists been made, this could have been a classic.

Mayerik draws with a lot of unnecessary, non-descriptive linework which has a maddening tendency to slant to the Northeast corner of each panel. His faces, scarred with this hacking, look pasty and diseased. But when he threw a face into thick black shadow, and put aside the nervous line-work, the face assumed a depth and solidity which was absent in the vast majority. Two fine drawings of Holmes on page thirteen are thus dignified.

I look forward to your next issue to see what treatment the rest of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is given and to read your editorial because you are my favorite writer/editor at Marvel or anywhere else. I hope that Holmes will not come off as being so inhumanly cold next time. Fiction's finest detective WAS capable of smiling.

John Hoelbink
Ann Arbor, Mich

Messers Goodwin, Moench, and Mayerik (not to mention Sir Arthur),

I admit when I saw the Sherlock Holmes MARVEL PREVIEW issue on the newsstand I winced. Not from any aversion to Sherlock Holmes mind you, rather it is a fetish of mine to dislike fads. The last year or so has seemed a veritable explosion of Holmes nostalgia from Nicholas Meyer's excellent "The 7 percent Solution" to Holmes comic books. Both National and Marvel jumped on the bandwagon.

Personally, as a long time Sherlock Holmes fan I was much afraid that Doyle's creation wouldn't be adapted faithfully. Happily this was wrong. Denny O'Neil's national adaptation was an excellent example of the comic medium. But the subject of this perusal is the job Marvel did. All I need say is "excellent." Doug Moench is constantly impressing me with his extremely talented versatility. He captured the essence of the detective and Doctor Watson with a flair, and impressed me with his handling of Holmes' most famous adventure. The

character of Doctor Watson was faithfully followed, complete with his erroneous deductions from the walking stick. About my only complaint would be the apparent size and luxurious decorum of their Baker Street residence. This certainly was not Doyle's opinion.
As for the art, Val Mayerik did an excellent job on a difficult strip. I'm curious how much time he spent doing it as all evidence points toward a careful, time-consuming detailed job. I assume he used Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce of film fame as models for Holmes and Watson.
A job well done, gentlemen!

Jim Langley
Madison, WI

P.S. Obviously, I am in favor of a permanent Holmes mag!

The above is a sampling of the comments on our first "Sherlock Holmes" issue of *MP*. If the mail we received is any indication of overall reader-response, you can be *sure* that Marvel will be doing a regular SHERLOCK HOLMES black-and-white before long. (After all, who are *we* to argue with our bosses, the buying public?!?)

Gentlemen:
Just a few comments on MARVEL PREVIEW #5 (Sherlock Holmes). First, the artwork was excellent. Second, the fidelity to the original story was much appreciated. Third, the gradual pacing of the story over more than one issue seems to indicate little of the plot will be sacrificed to contain it in one magazine. In short, Gentlemen, it appears that MARVEL PREVIEW is everything that previous classic-oriented comics could have been but sadly fell short of. Please keep up the good work.

Michael Dowhan
New York, NY 10016

Sad to say, Michael, you may be a tad disappointed at the somewhat-condensed version of the second part of "SH" presented in this issue. Truth to tell, the story was originally concieved as a three-issue run when we were first planning a HOLMES magazine; but when those plans were shelved and the "Holmes" material put into PREVIEW, we felt that a two-issue trial in a book with a quarterly frequency was as far as we should try pushing our luck. Hopefully, the condensation that was necessary won't hurt your enjoyment of the last half *too* awfully much.

Dear Archie, Doug, and Val,
My experience with the Sherlock Holmes character is limited mostly to Basil Rathbone reruns, though I did manage to see the Shakespearean Company's rendition of "Sherlock Holmes" last summer on Broadway. I tried to read some of Conan Doyle's original works as well as Nicholas Meyer's "Seven Percent Solution," which deals with Holmes 10 year disappearance between 1893 and 1903. However, Conan Doyle's style was too wordy; Meyer's too uninspiring. My visual experience with the character was excellent, while my literary experience with the same have been a disaster. So it was with much interest that I read MARVEL PREVIEW #5 which combined both elements.
Needless to say, I was impressed. That wordiness still drove me crazy, however, the excellent artwork by you, Val, kept up my interest. When sub-plots and monologues were too wordy, Val managed to show different angles, switch scenes, cut the monologues shorter by using a larger quantity of panels, hence making a cohesive story possible.
Doug Moench did a commendable job with the scripting. His concept on Holmes' inner working was good, too. However, as I mentioned in the previous paragraph – there was too much "Wordiness" in this story. Sure, the Victorian style of describing every possible thought and movement within a person's head was great around 1900, but not now! I would be an excellent idea to streamline

Holmes and Watson's Victorian mannerisms a bit. No, I'm not suggesting making them 1970's style talkers! However some updating in speech and mannerisms are certainly called for.
A new Sherlock Holmes b/w title would be a good idea for the future. However, it certainly seems an excellent idea to get the kinks out of the storyline before doing it. Therefore, I suggest a few more stories in PREVIEW would be a necessity before embarking on a separate title. The potential for a good title is there; it just needs some embellishing.

Sincerely,
Steven Scheibner
Jackson Heights, NY 11372

Dear Marvel Previewers,
I have an idea. Spider Man is a mature, sophisticated, adult hero; but with your ridiculous Hostess Twinkie adds, toys, Spidey Super Stories etc. he comes across seeming very juvenile to many people. If you are going to have a version of Spider Man for younger readers (Spidey Super Stories) why not have a version for older readers (possibly Marvel Preview) including longer and more intricate stories and also a more honest relationship between Peter and M.J. Other suggestions are Doctor Strange, The Silver Surfer, Warlock, Deathlock, Killraven, The Guardians of the Galaxy, The Scarecrow and Howard the Duck.

Sincerely,
Joey Skidmore
Springfield, Mo.

Honestly speaking, we don't think a third-level incarnation of Spidey is really necessary. There are (we feel) plenty of subjects and ideas which would lend themselves to the "mature, sophisticated adult" level that you're talking about. We're *not* saying such a SPIDER-MAN book wouldn't work, only that we have plenty of other seeds to sow (or, so to speak).

Guess that brings us to the end of this column for this ish. We'll be anxiously awaiting your comments on this second issue of "Sherlock Holmes", as well as more ideas on what *you'd* like to see in these pages.

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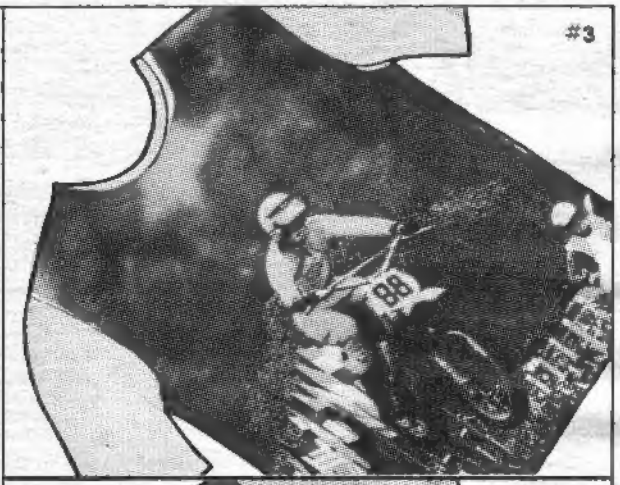

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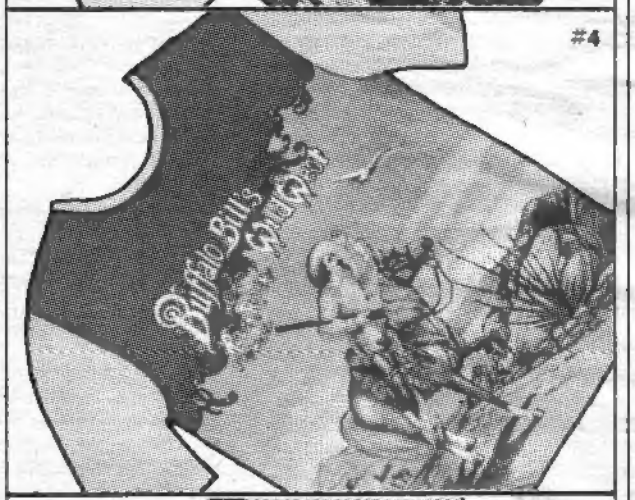

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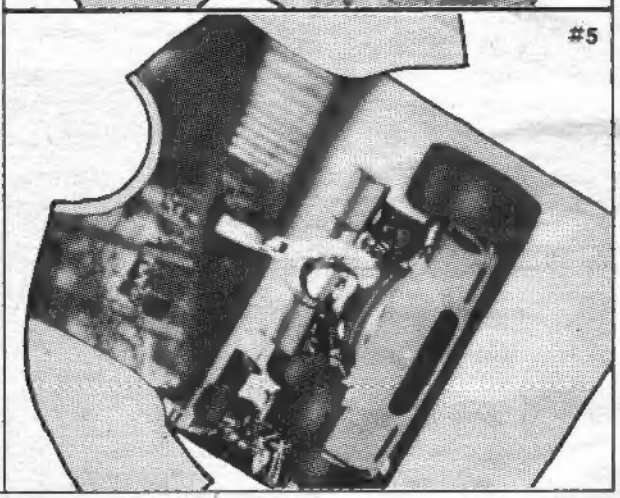

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